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The Week

GERMAN counter-proposals this week offered small hope of any immediate and permanent solution of the crisis caused by the violation of the Locarno Pact. The fact that proposals were made at all, however, fits in with Great Britain's desire to seek an amicable solution if possible, whereas France bitterly calls for strong measures against Germany. Hitler's internal position was improved by his one-way "election" in which he probably would have had a large majority in any case, but which he forced up to a 98.7 percentage in favor of the government by allotting no space on the ballot for a negative vote and dragging the German electorate to the polls practically at the sword's point. France gained some solace from the signing of the mutual-assistance pact with the Soviet Union, which is now in force, and from the formal agreement of the British general staff to coöperate with the French general staff in a study of what measures might be taken in the event of a threat to the peace of Europe. Italy began a strong forward movement in Ethiopia with a concentrated air attack that virtually destroyed the city of Harar, and Italian soldiers moved—perhaps significantly—closer to Lake Tana, source of the Blue Nile. Italian industrial stocks that had plunged downward seven to forty points on Mussolini's announcement of plans for the nationalization of key industries recovered when it became known that progress toward this goal would be gradual. Renewed clashes along the border of Outer Mongolia caused concern in Asia, although both Moscow and Tokyo appeared calm. Great popular sympathy for the defendants in the trial of thirty Socialists in Vienna probably had some effect on the outcome. Twelve defendants received sentences ranging from six to eighteen months, and eighteen defendants were found not guilty. In Spain José Primo de Rivera, son of the former dictator and present head of the fascist Falange Española, was sentenced to two months in prison. The Left coalition appeared to be in better control of internal order and continued to support the Left Republican government of Premier Azaña.

EFFORTS to shape a tax bill in the House and an investigation of the Townsend plan in the Senate occupied most of the attention of Congress in Washington, while President Roosevelt continued his vacation fishing trip off the coast of Florida. Robert E. Clements, who is generally listed as "co-founder" of the Townsend Old Age Revolving Pension Plan, resigned from the movement just one day before he appeared at a Senate hearing and gave an estimate of $952,000 as the total income of the Townsend forces to date. Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace pointed out to American farmers that the present Soil-Control Act is by no means so specific in its workings as the old A.A.A. and warned that the country might be faced once more with large and price-depressing surpluses unless farmers gave prompt, thorough and bona-fide coöperation to the crop-limitation features of the Act. Flood control and prevention of soil erosion gained renewed importance as the Atlantic seaboard states dug out from under the muck and debris left by recent floods, while danger of high

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storms continued to plague the West. The convention of the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota endorsed Governor Floyd B. Olson as its candidate for Senator and went on record as favoring a national Farmer-Labor Party in 1936, without specifically recommending that the party put forward a presidential candidate.

WHY did Hitler want his majority of almost 99 percent in the national referendum on his recent acts? It could not have been for its effect on foreign opinion, since everyone outside of Germany knows that the vote was meaningless, having been obtained by force. Was it for the effect at home? If so, his enemies must be more numerous and more powerful than anyone had supposed, in order to draw forth such an hysterical and fictitious display of mass support. It is our guess that neither of these reasons was controlling and in fact that there was no reason. Hitler and his associates have the sort of muddled minds to which there is no real distinction between a compulsory demonstration of unanimous support and a voluntary one. He will now push his program with the utmost firmness; but he would have done so even if the referendum had never been held. Meanwhile, well informed students of German affairs continue to attribute both the movement into the Rhineland and the national referendum to Germany's economic plight, which daily grows more desperate. In the old Roman days, the dictators gave the populace bread and circuses. Hitler can give them circuses alone.

IT IS a grim commentary on the state of the world that the naval treaty just signed in London should be hailed as an important achievement. The principle of quantitative limitation is entirely abandoned, even by the three powers that were willing to sign the document, the United States, Great Britain and France. Each country may build as much as it pleases in practically all categories and keep as many "over-age" ships in commission as it likes. In terms of the hopes expressed in 1921, the new treaty is a catastrophe. Nevertheless a little has been saved from the wreck. The powers will notify each other of their intentions, and they agree to specified tonnage for ships of existing types. Battleships will not be larger than 35,000 tons, aircraft carriers 23,000, cruisers 8,000 and submarines 2,000. Of equal importance with the treaty itself was an exchange of letters between representatives of the British and American governments confirming their intention to maintain equality. At the same time, it is vigorously denied that the two governments have an understanding that goes beyond this either in regard to Far Eastern affairs or anything else.

THE pretty little scheme of the utilities, aided by the respectable Mr. John W. Davis, to have the Utilities Holding Company Act declared unconstitutional, has been squelched by the United States Supreme Court. Readers of The New Republic will remember our description last fall of the Burco case in Baltimore. The holding companies decided, instead of attacking the government directly when it attempted to enforce the Act, to have a holding company in bankruptcy ask the judge who appointed its trustees whether they must obey the law. A bondholder of the bankrupt company was found to act as a client for Mr. John W. Davis, so that Mr. Davis could uphold the interests of the utilities as a party in the action. But the federal government itself, not being a party, could be represented only in the limited capacity of a "friend of the court." In this curious case, Judge Coleman decided that the law was unconstitutional. When the case was appealed to the Supreme Court, however, the government asked that it not be reviewed, on the ground that another case which it had itself brought and in which it was hence a party, would furnish a better test. The Court, without comment, declined to review the Burco case. And so the ingenuity of Mr. Davis comes to naught!

THE Supreme Court decision in favor of the government's anti-trust action against the Sugar Institute, Inc., declares illegal a kind of price-fixing that has been widely practised by trade associations, and that came to its full flower under the N.R.A. This is the "open-price association," which ostensibly resorts merely to an advance posting of the prices to be charged by members of an industry, but often becomes in fact a price-boosting conspiracy because compulsion is put upon members to maintain the prices announced. Under such compulsion, competitive price-cutting cannot of course occur. The N.R.A. records showed that industries operating under the open-price scheme were actually charging, in 1933 or 1934, prices above 1929 levels. What the Supreme Court has now outlawed is not the advance posting of prices, but "the steps taken to secure adherence, without deviation, to the prices and terms announced." It remains to be seen whether ingenious corporation lawyers cannot now, as they so often have before, devise legal ways to avoid the law. And we are no further along with the problem of price regulation. The Sugar Institute was formed, as the Supreme Court acknowledges, because of the demoralized condition of the industry. The remedy for that is not control by industry itself, because industry cannot be depended upon to set prices high enough but not too high. Is the Supreme Court, unanimous in this case, ready to go on and admit the logical conclusion—industry must be administered in the interest of the public?

THE conference of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party last week was watched with interest throughout the country for its bearing on the possibility of a new national party this year. On that point, the action of the Minnesota convention was indecisive.

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belief in state and national farmer-labor organizations, and calling for a new committee with representatives from each congressional district, plus spokesmen for various progressive labor, farmer and political groups, to "explore the possibilities of a national farmer-labor ticket in 1936." There was no dispute, apparently, about the desirability of sending to Congress representatives of a new party from every district where this is possible. The question of a new-party presidential candidate in 1936 is thus postponed, with a decreasing likelihood that it will be attempted. The Minnesota convention denounced the "planned poverty" of the present system and demanded "planned plenty." Other planks in the state platform called for the conscription of wealth in wartime; higher taxes on large incomes; cost plus a fair return for farmers; a ten-year term for all judges who are now appointed for life. The sales tax was denounced and the convention called for restrictive measures against chain stores.

SERIOUS discord among the leaders of the Townsend plan has been disclosed as a congressional committee delves into the financing of the movement. Robert E. Clements, the high-pressure organizer and real-estate dealer of Los Angeles who is listed as co-founder, accused Dr. Townsend of autocratic methods and refusal to recognize Clements' authority, and resigned. The next day the erstwhile co-founder appeared before the investigating committee and made an estimate of $952,000 as the total income flowing into the national coffers of the Old Age Revolving Pension Plan, Ltd., since its inception. He gave interesting testimony on the way in which states and areas are "farmed out" to sub-organizers on a commission basis, and made no estimate of the total money actually paid out by members in the way of local dues and commissions that did not find their way into the national treasury. Membership is bestowed only to groups of fifty and only on a paid-up basis for dues. National headquarters has said it does not care whether each member has paid his individual dues, so long as the group sends enough to cover the whole group. Mr. Clements received a certain share of the intake, and he estimated the total revenue received in 1935 by himself and his wife (who drew a salary as his secretary) at approximately $14,000, plus rent, groceries, maid's wages and a liberal allowance for traveling and incidental expenses. Four days later, Representative John S. McGroarty, author of the bill embodying the Townsend plan now before Congress, resigned on the grounds that Dr. Townsend was preparing to eliminate the transaction-tax feature of the plan in favor of a method of financing by issuing billions of dollars in government bonds. Perhaps a significant factor in the general discord is the decline in receipts at national headquarters from $350,000 for the last three months of 1935 to $180,000 for [illegible] and written mortgages based on inflated values. While much of [illegible]

INDUSTRIALISTS making secret purchases of machine guns, pistols, shotguns, hand grenades, tear gas and vomit gas to use against their workers—this sounds like news from Germany or Italy. It happens to come from America. Moreover, the purchases often were made with the connivance and active assistance of duly constituted authorities. These facts are revealed in dispatches to the Scripps-Howard newspapers quoting correspondence now in possession of a group of Senators in Washington. The letters are from the files of Federal Laboratories, Inc., of Pittsburgh, chief American sellers of tear and vomit gas, and agents for firearms. Among the clients is the Weirton Steel Company, of West Virginia, whose president, Ernest T. Weir, was the spearhead of the opposition to Section 7a and successfully blocked the organization of steel workers under the N.R.A. Fine pattern for an industrial leader that he is, Mr. Weirton no doubt approved his company's purchase of forty-seven heavy-caliber revolvers and also approved the request for secret invoices "on account of the [company's] desire that their employees be not familiar with what they are doing." According to the correspondence of the munitions agents, it remained for the Cudahy Packing Company to improve on this device by having firearms and ammunition shipped to the local sheriff, who obligingly turned over the supplies to the company. Letters show that an order from the H. C. Frick Coke Company for riot guns, gas masks, projectiles, shells, grenades, etc., worth $3,301, was to be sent to an intermediary, and the instructions included a notation that "Boxes are to be marked 'Merchandise from H. C. Frick Coke Company'—in other words H. C. Frick Coke Company appears as shippers. This order is confidential—no representative of Federal is to consult with either Frick Company or their purchasing department for further instructions. These are final."

THE best comment on New York's strike of building employees that we have seen appeared in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. In an interview with Marquis Childs of that paper, Langdon Post, New York Tenement House Commissioner, uttered a few wholesome truths about the situation in the metropolis. What's wrong with New York, said Mr. Post, is mainly a vast burden of debt based on excessive valuation of property. The assessed value of real estate in the city is sixteen billion dollars, of which one-half is on the island of Manhattan. The city's own public debt is three and a half billions. Since 80 percent of the city's revenue comes from real estate, the validity of the municipal bonds which comprise most of the public debt rests on the assumption that valuations are reasonable, and the city officials dare not suggest that these valuations be scaled down. Private real-estate owners are in the same plight: they have issued bonds

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Oddly enough, some of the property most absurdly overvalued is in the slums; on New York's lower East Side property is assessed at $10 a square foot, while newer and better slum tenements in Cleveland are assessed at only 60 cents. Building-service employees get low wages partly because of plain greed and partly because the landlords and the city officials are in a conspiracy of pretense that the property is worth more than it is.

IF ANYBODY thinks that reactionary interests are not exerting successful pressure upon American education, he should ponder the following incident. The Open Road, Inc., is a responsible, non-profit travel agency which offers, among other things, tours in the Soviet Union. Its advertising was solicited by the business manager of The Journal of the National Education Association—the great organization of those who work in the schools of this country. Copy was prepared and submitted for the April issue. The Journal thereupon refused to accept the advertising, saying that Russian travel advertising published last year had evoked criticism from some readers, and a decision had been reached to bar it in the future, in order to avoid controversy. Bear in mind that this was not an article praising Russia, but merely an offer of an opportunity for teachers to go and see for themselves. Are teachers free American citizens, or are they nursemaids whose business is to avoid anything that may stir up controversy and to keep the children from all knowledge of the world?

TO OUR est'd cont'y, that is, to The Nation, our hearty congratulations on its new format and our apologies for being late with them. The truth is that we read the March 4 issue, first of the new series, with mixed feelings. We began by disliking the higgledy-piggledy effect that comes from using a dozen styles of plain or fancy type for the headings of different articles. But that objection disappears as the eye gets used to the new arrangement, and the other changes seemed good from the start. There are eight more pages in the new format; there are cartoons, and the body type is large and more legible. The Nation, now seventy-one years old, has had her face lifted successfully. . . . A younger contemporary, The American Spectator, changes its format so often that it always seems to be slipping out from our fingers. At first it was as tall and wide as a daily newspaper; then it was less than one-fourth that size; and now with the April issue it appears in a vest-pocket edition (7½ x 5½ inches, to be exact). We should like to know the name of the magical mushroom it nibbles in order to shrink like Alice in her wonderland. But it grows in thickness as it decreases in area, and lately it has been as vigorous and peppery as the Duchess's cook. . . . The nearest thing to a miracle among left-wing publications has been achieved by The Fight, organ of the American League against War and Fascism, financial resources hardly big enough to buy a frayed shoestring at market prices, it has now become a thirty-two-page, four-column monthly printed in five colors—yes, and with a list of able contributors. Of course the explanation is that it advocates a good cause and has a growing organization behind it. It is mass support that achieves the only miracles of modern times.

Still the Unemployed

NEITHER campaign attacks on the New Deal nor campaign defenses of it can obscure the dissatisfaction of millions of American people with the continued failure to solve our fundamental economic problem. There are still, the A.F. of L. reminds us, over 12,500,000 out of work. Some 5,000,000 of these with their dependents, totaling many millions in all, are being scantily maintained at government expense. Yet we know from experience that there are in the country enough resources, equipment and personnel to produce at least as high a level of living and of employment as in 1929. We can guess with pretty fair accuracy, not only that we could have done better even then, but that since then our productive power has been so increased that we could do still better today. As long as this situation remains, there cannot fail to be agitation for new types of governmental action.

Recovery is proceeding, according to statistics of production, trade and profits, but what progress is being made in the matter of unemployment and the wage-earners' standard of living? According to the A.F. of L. estimates, only 1,024,000 more men and women were at work in January, 1936, than in January, 1935. At this pace, if we assume a steady upward trend, it would take at least fifteen years to absorb the unemployed, considering the growth of population. And a steady upward trend for fifteen years is the last thing that can safely be assumed. Furthermore, those who are employed have no greater purchasing power on the average now than they had a year ago. Their working hours are longer by 1¼ per week; their wages per capita are 5½ percent higher, but the cost of living has also risen 5½ percent. Meanwhile, figures compiled by the National City Bank show that the profits of 895 leading industrial corporations increased 45 percent between 1934 and 1935, and that while in 1934 they earned 4.4 percent on their net worth, in 1935 they earned 6.6 percent. In the last half of 1935, the profits of 120 large corporations increased 141 percent.

The labor statement argues that the buying power of workers should keep pace with the growth of production:

> When production outstrips buying power, sooner or later the increase in production must stop for want of a market. When this happens men are laid off, profits

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labor to recognize that the next depression begins here and now, while we are recovering from the last.

Although production grew 14 percent between 1934 and 1935, the A.F. of L. argues that there is something unhealthy about the fact that the purchasing power of wages grew considerably less than that. During the N.R.A., it contends, the balance between production and buying power was kept, but since its abolition hours have been lengthened and wages cut to sweeten profits. Business, by repudiating the New Deal, has prepared its next nemesis.

Conservative critics of the N.R.A. take exactly the opposite view. What was needed, according to them, was not higher wages, but wider margins of profit. Only this would stimulate production. It was a mistake to shorten hours and increase pay, because that raised costs. If lower wages were paid and longer hours worked, costs would fall, profits would be enhanced, more production would be encouraged, and unemployment would be reduced. Larger employment, though at lower rates, would provide more purchasing power in the aggregate.

If this latter theory is correct, we shall get rid of unemployment only by means of a still lower standard of living for the employed than at present. And when everyone is working at last, each employed worker will be able to buy less than he did in 1929. Meanwhile, the capacity of each worker to produce will be much greater than it was then. Who will consume the additional products? The logical implication of this theory is that we cannot, under the capitalist system, get rid of unemployment without making the rich richer at the expense of the poor. Even so, the rich will surely use a large part of their enhanced profits, not to buy articles of consumption, but to buy machinery to make more of what the poor must buy if the machinery is to be used to capacity. We suppose the conservative recipe to get rid of the impasse thus created will be again to reduce wages and increase profits.

We are not so enamored of the N.R.A. as is the A.F. of L. We do not believe the problem is to be solved by any such blanket formula as either higher wages or lower wages. The significant point is, however, that nobody who digs beneath the surface of the problem can propose any solution that does not involve some administration of wages, prices and production in the general interest. There are sure to be continued demands for some sort of economic planning. Even a part of industry still is busy demanding it. The Council for Industrial Progress—what is left of the N.R.A.—has submitted to the President a proposal to set up a tribunal to review and sanction voluntary agreements of trade associations, agreements not "monopolistic" but still preventing "destructive competition." What is certain is that business will continue to do its utmost to administer prices and wages in its own interest, N.R.A. or no N.R.A., and that labor will continue to call for repre[illegible] and will oppose many of the policies of business. Meanwhile economic students such as those of the Brookings Institution will recommend policies such as lower industrial prices and larger output.

The Supreme Court, in abolishing the power of Congress to deal with this problem, has not abolished the problem. Though cast into limbo, it will continue to haunt our midnight with its cries. Anarchic capitalism shows not the slightest sign of being able to deal with it. The least that can happen is that we shall settle down to maintain millions in idleness until the national credit gives way.

This being so, proposals for economic planning will not down either. Planning was not just a wild vagary of brain-trusters, something that was tried, that failed and that is forgotten. In a true sense it never was tried. More of what was tried is left now than business would like to admit. Several bills for planning agencies have been introduced in the present session of Congress. If more forethought is not taken, a new crisis will precipitate us headlong into another ill conceived emergency experiment. We shall have war planning, or business planning, or some other undesirable variant; and the more we try to forget the subject, the less desirable the variant is likely to be. The trouble is that the United States, though in desperate need of wise social-economic planning, is not prepared, either technically or politically, to employ it.

How can this nation prepare itself as well as possible under existing conditions, while incurring the least possible danger of being frozen into an undesirable planning framework? Let us go back and pick up where we left off in 1932, when Senator La Follette, after enlightening hearings before the Committee on Manufactures, introduced a bill for a national-planning commission. Certain improvements may be made on that measure. We should say that the following points were essential:

The declaration by Congress of a leading purpose to establish an economy of abundance—the highest possible level of living, both physical and cultural, that can be derived from our resources, technical equipment and manpower.

The creation of an independent federal agency, advisory to the President and Congress, to recommend measures that would be required to approach this goal.

Appointments to this agency should be made on the basis of technical competence rather than as representatives of group or class interests. Such interests should be represented in Congress or industry rather than in the body relied upon for expert advice. Since experts are bound to have their own biases, however, the commission should be required to submit alternative courses of action, and provision for minority reports should be made.

The commission should of course be authorized to employ an adequate staff—that means a large one—and to obtain all requisite information, whether of statistical, accounting or other nature, both from

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It should be required to submit an annual report, translating the leading purpose into terms of specific objectives and specific recommended measures. It should assess the progress toward or retrogression from the goals set down, and assign reasons for what had happened.

Upon application by Congress or the President, the commission should be authorized to give advice upon pending measures or proposals—such as taxation bills, tariff bills, industrial-control bills, agricultural bills, etc.—analyzing their relation to the major objectives which it had recommended.

We should not expect an agency of this sort, having powers of recommendation only, and dealing as it would have to do with an anarchic capitalist system, to exert much immediate influence on the welfare of the people. But it would be an important step in preparation for planning. It would assemble necessary information, train personnel, illuminate problems, clarify issues. If a party of the masses, dedicated to the creation of an economy of abundance, is to arise and gain political power, the spadework done by such an agency would immensely lighten its task.

France Between Wars

RECENT events in Europe have confirmed the fears of what might be called the moderate pessimists, but not those of the alarmists. It now seems clear that short of some accident, there will be no immediate war. It seems equally clear that there will be no substantial amelioration of the position and that the drift toward another conflict in one, two or five years will go on as resistlessly and remorselessly as in the recent past. For this, the French and their allies blame the British. They argue that if England had only enforced the letter of existing treaties from the beginning, and would now make a firm promise to go to war against any aggressor, the fact that the promise had been made would itself keep the peace. The reasons for Great Britain's position are set out by H. N. Brailsford in this issue of The New Republic and need not be repeated here. We need only note the fact that Germany is getting away with her latest gesture of defiance, as she got away with her previous ones.

The most important development that emerges from the whole European situation is the weakening of the position of France. More than one commentator on international affairs is predicting that the states of Central and Eastern Europe that have heretofore clung to France's apron-strings are likely to transfer their allegiance to Germany as that country gives more and more evidence of becoming the strongest, most aggressive power in Europe both in military matters and otherwise. This sort of generalization is a little too glib and easy to be wholly true, but it undoubtedly contains a danger for France. If you set yourself up to be cock of quish that position. Ever since 1919 France has enjoyed a more important place in European affairs than her own strength entitled her to, and sought to maintain it by drawing on the strength of others, notably Great Britain, the United States and, more recently, Soviet Russia. It is a grave question today whether Czechoslovakia and Rumania, for example, are not more interested in the Russian half of the present family grouping than in the French.

The French position is made more serious, at least for the moment, because of the effect Hitler's march into the Rhineland has had upon her internal situation. It has divided the forces of both the Left and the Right and on the whole has done more harm to the former than to the latter. Until recently, there was a fairly clear-cut division in France between those of the Left who wanted peace and those of the Right who wanted, if not war, at least the threat of war and a belligerent attitude that would come to the same thing in the long run. Hitler on March 7 offered, so to speak, both peace and war. He sent his troops into the Rhineland, but he also offered a quarter-century of peace in Western Europe in the form of separate treaties between Germany and various other powers. While the French Left in general has demanded peace, it has had the same division that existed, less clearly marked, in Great Britain: some Left groups are true pacifists and others are revolutionists who support Russia in her present European policy. Both the French and the British pacifists are inclined to say, "Let's take Hitler at his word; he offers peace, let us answer peace." To this the revolutionists reply that Hitler intends to make peace in the West only in order to free his hands for a war against Russia.

The French Right is similarly divided. Many in this group warmly favor Hitler because he has suppressed liberals and radicals and is "a bulwark against Bolshevism." But there are still others who maintain the traditional French hatred of Germany and apply it to Hitler and all his ways. It is curious to find this Tory group standing with the more extreme elements on the Left in demanding drastic action against Germany.

Of great importance is the pacifism of the French peasant and industrial worker today. Someone has said this pacifism is so extreme that no French province would take arms to defend any other province from invasion. No doubt this is an exaggerated statement, yet it contains an important germ of truth. The common man in France undoubtedly wants peace. So does the common man in every other country; even the warped and vicious propaganda of the dictators in Germany and Italy has not been able to turn the whole population military-mad. The tragedy of modern times is that in almost no country is it possible to make the masses of the population realize the connection between national policies and the threat of war, or to place in their

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Keeping the Peace

IN A WORLD that is dominated by news of war, it would be heartening to learn that somewhere, out of all the foundations, endowments and associations that are working for peace, some group could claim that its progress had been substantial and that its labors for international understanding were beginning to bear fruit. But the 1935 report of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, issued recently by its director, Nicholas Murray Butler, is pervaded by such a spirit of melancholy acceptance of our planetary antagonisms, and by such a spirit of ineffectuality in dealing with them, as to make it almost as gloomy reading as the accounts of troop movements in Lybia, Mongolia or the barbaric highlands of the Rhine. For the Carnegie Endowment is one of the greatest of the world's privately endowed peace agencies. In a year in which work was frequently interrupted and curtailed, it spent some $346,000 in promoting international good will, establishing clubs of international relations, organizing and financing study groups and making possible the exchange of professors and experts among the potential allies and enemies of the earth.

After the collapse of the International Economic Conference at London, the Endowment organized an unofficial Economic Conference at which distinguished citizens from most of the major powers agreed to a number of sensible proposals which, however, no one could realistically expect to see applied. It helped to organize a National Peace Conference to coördinate the work of the existing peace societies of the country. It financed the visits of six foreign lecturers to the United States and sent four American professors to England, Scotland, Ireland, Italy and South America. It helped finance the cataloguing of manuscripts in the Vatican Library—and it arranged for an international, worldwide broadcast on Armistice Day. The Carnegie Endowment supported some 583 International Relations Clubs in the colleges of the United States and started others abroad. It spent $77,600 on a European center in Paris. It spent another $20,000 for special work in Latin America, and $40,000 on "international-mind alcoves," consisting of reading material on the daily life of people in foreign countries, set up in public libraries. It helped support the Foreign Policy Association and the Institute of Pacific Relations and took part in a number of summer institutes of politics and international affairs on American college campuses.

Valuable though much of this work doubtless is, in an elementary cultural sense, the report as a whole gives an extraordinary impression of fatigue and despondency among the people who, theoretically at least, should be the most energetic and resourceful leaders in mobilizing public opinion against the wars that grow more threatening almost can begin, consists in paralyzing and spreading dismay among the lovers of peace, then, the report indicates, the war-makers have already won an important pre-war skirmish. Is it possible that the director and the trustees of the Endowment actually believe that wars today are a result of the lack of means for cultural relations among countries, of the lack—to choose only one instance—of available reading material that would counteract chauvinistic propaganda? Is it possible, indeed, to hold that wars are made possible by a lack of pacifist sentiment among the masses of people, so that strengthening this sentiment is the most effective and spirited way of fighting for peace?

No one with any knowledge of the realities of modern international politics can expect any peace organization to check appreciably the terrible forces that are beginning to collide, with their first premonitory shudders, in Europe, Africa and Asia, by simple educational measures and by the development of social intercourse among the enlightened representatives of different countries. The problem is more complex than that, but it is, above all, a thousand times more urgent. War is already raging in Ethiopia and it is threatening elsewhere, and mankind is haunted, in the fine phrase of the English poet Spender, by the ghosts of the future. The depressing feature of the Carnegie report is not the spirit of temperate hopelessness that pervades it, or the comparative irrelevancy that seems to characterize the Endowment's activities. It is that the Endowment is one of the greatest of the privately endowed institutions of international accord. This is the best, the report implies, that public-spirited capitalists can do in the way of setting up organizations which will attempt to keep the peace of the world. Small as these efforts are, they are more than the majority of wealthy pacifists have supported. Ironically, the report appeared in the same week that Hitler's troops marched into the Rhineland. And it is an open question whether such menacing warlike maneuvers are essentially more dispiriting than the oppressive ineffectuality of the endowed and official workers for world peace.

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Britain's Peace Muddle

FOR THREE years every student of European affairs has known that Hitler must one day do in the Rhineland precisely what he has done. The timing of this act of liberation would depend partly on the discovery of a plausible pretext, but chiefly on the progress of German rearmament. This inevitable, predictable step found the British government and British public opinion unprepared, and their reactions to it were slow, puzzled and irresolute. The pretext did not impress them, but on the other hand there was a general readiness to agree that the one-sided demilitarization of the Rhineland was a handicap and humiliation that no self-respecting nation would accept forever.

The average Englishman could not grasp the French legalistic view, which treats this deed as an act of war, and he was therefore wholly averse to any suggestion of sanctions, even of the mildest economic variety. What stirs him to militant anger is an act of cruelty: that, rather than any imperialistic reckoning, turned him against Mussolini. But Hitler, in this rather naïve view, injured no one: he merely restored German sovereignty over German soil. To be sure, the breach of a freely negotiated treaty, which the Locarno Pact was, must be deplored; and no one could feel much faith in any subsequent pledges that Hitler might give. None the less, the average man approved the government's attitude, when it expressed its readiness to discuss Germany's offer of a series of non-aggression pacts, coupled with the limitation of air fleets and her return to the League. Something also was said about colonies, but this he contrived to forget. This attitude reflected the general reluctance to rush into a monstrous program of rearmament. Few trust the slow-moving Mr. Baldwin to do this job efficiently: its cost terrifies the taxpayer: the bribe of booming trade has not yet corrupted the mass of the population, and at the end of the vista it sees the spectre of war.

Rather slowly, after a week's reflection, the more intelligent half of the nation began to perceive that as the chief result of Hitler's stroke, England might be tied to France and Belgium in a one-sided alliance. That prospect it dreads, and will at any cost avoid. It knows that the French, by their whole conduct since 1918, have brought this situation on themselves. To underwrite their security is to shoulder a perilous burden. Few wish to join open-eyed in the deliberate encirclement of an outlawed Germany. Moreover, the French are unpopular because they sabotaged the League in the Ethiopian business. Yet one realistic consideration tells heavily the other way. Unless England be to add millions to the total of Germany's unher shores, is she not in constant danger of an aerial attack? Her frontier, as the official slogan puts it, lies on the Rhine.

Intolerably puzzled, disliking and distrusting all the alternatives that confront it, shrinking alike from isolation and the French alliance, the main body of English opinion dwells wistfully, but with no confident hope, on the possibility that the League can be reconstituted. Somewhere in the dimmer regions of memory lurks a reminder that the Ethiopian affair is not yet liquidated. What sort of League would it be that compounded Mussolini's felony in order to embrace Hitler? Of the Tory Party as a whole one can say with certainty only one thing: it means to arm but leaves it to events to nominate its enemy. The isolationists, without a respected leader, are helpless. The pacifists rally in surprising numbers behind George Lansbury. Labor, the Liberals and a wide stream of middle opinion flounder among phrases and aspirations and cling to the League.

After this summary survey, let us attempt a rather closer analysis of this situation. One must accept the opinion of all the jurists, that Hitler's pretext will not stand examination. That is not surprising: the French wrote the law in question. Morally there may be more in it than most of us like to admit. The Franco-Russian alliance makes nonsense of the whole League system of which the Locarno Pact was a part. That President Wilson foresaw, when he stipulated that the one all-embracing alliance must exclude all partial entanglements. The embarrassments of the French in the Ethiopian affair, thanks to their close ties with Italy, are proof enough that a League honeycombed with alliances can neither think impartially nor act effectively.

What Hitler does is governed, not by any considerations of international equity and fair dealing, but by a brutal measurement of armed forces and by the internal requirements of the dictatorship. He will always take what he can snatch. The time had come, amid his domestic difficulties, for a theatrical stroke. It is believed in London that he hesitated for some days whether his blow should fall on Austria or the Rhineland. He struck, for party reasons, against the more sober advice both of Dr. Schacht and the army. By instantly using his challenge as the occasion for what he calls an "election," he debarred himself from any timely moderation, any politic concession, such as Mr. Eden suggested. And so it will be to the end. He cannot stop arming, for to do so would

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few months, from the use of the mailed fist, for his power to fascinate the German people depends on his ability to provide them with drama.

English thinking dwells with an uneasy conscience on the quasi-ethical aspects of this business. Certainly there can be no peace in Europe until there is equality of right. Of this indispensable equality the limitations on Germany's sovereignty in the Rhineland were a flat denial. It follows from this moral imperative that Hitler must be allowed, if he claims it, to build his own chain of fortifications, facing those of the French. The consequence will be, save in the air, stalemate between these two. That may seem, at a first glance, a salutary prospect; neither can hope much from an attack on the other. But it then follows that Hitler's Western flank is relatively secure, and his hands freed for any adventure that may appeal to him in other directions. He might deliver an attack on the East, if his immediate objective is really Russia, which one is now disposed to doubt. As easily, he might, by one expedient or another, capture Austria and advance down the Danube. Here, in a realistic view, lies the significance of a remilitarized Rhineland. It is one of the strategical keys, and perhaps the most crucial of them, to the mastery of Europe.

One perceives, then, that what Hitler has risked is a trial of strength, a *Machtprobe,* with the forces of the Versailles victors, or if you like, with the League. The first act is not finished, as I write, but the League has shown itself dilatory as usual: a deep gulf has opened between the British and the French, and whatever temporary measures are adopted, it is a probable guess that no effective action will be taken to prevent the eventual erection of that crucial chain of German fortifications. What, then? A whole series of political consequences must follow from this German success. Hitler has unfurled his flag in a continental class war: he is the rallying center in a struggle against "Bolshevism"—which includes in this context every phase of liberal opinion no less than genuine communism. To him will flow, however reluctantly, the sympathies of the owning class, wherever it feels itself threatened—from the feudal gentry of Rumania to the financiers of the City of London.

The internal balance of power that holds several of its member-states true to the League is precarious enough. If it proves itself impotent in action, will they not vacillate and veer towards its resolute antagonist? That may happen even in France. The Left, before Hitler's stroke, reckoned on victory in the coming elections. Its chances are now heavily compromised, for the Left stood by the League, and relied on the unconditional support of England. If both fail it, the wavering center will swing to the Right, and the Right, which dislikes the Soviet alliance, will seek a direct understanding with Hitler. That would mean, from the Atlantic shores to the Russian border, the reign throughout Europe of the blackest reaction. The hands of the clock would lie open to the Swastika, at its choice, eastwards or southwards.

This is a line of thought uncongenial to the English mind, which thinks reluctantly about chains of forts and trials of strength. A few do, indeed, achieve the elegant simplification of perceiving even in this present issue the battle between democracy and fascism. What, then? Can democracy reign only by inflicting on a great nation the fetters of inequality? Are France's clients democrats—the Poles, the Jugoslavs, the Rumanians, not to mention the Italians? And this League, that should defend the sanctity of treaties, is it equally concerned with their justice? Can one seriously believe in its ability to solve even the more clamant of the economic problems—the disparity in the distribution of raw materials, the closed markets, the monopolized fields of investment? Is it really a conflict of democracy and fascism that faces us, or merely a rivalry between two foci of imperialist capitalism?

So, in an endless round, one debates this issue. One may shed all the illusions to which the partisans of the League still cling. One may laugh at the legalism of the French, and marvel at the devotion of the Russians to things as they are and the map drawn at Versailles. None the less, two questions remain. In the first place, if Britain, Russia and France, with all her satellites, without troubling their heads and their consciences about the justice of the Rhineland vetoes, had stood solidly together to inflict a smashing political defeat on Hitler, the thing, so the French believe, could have been done at this stage with comparative ease, and without war, though it would have involved at least the threat of sanctions. If then Hitler had been compelled to withdraw his troops, would not his prestige at home have crumbled, so that even his fall would have emerged as a possibility of the near future? I ask this question, uncertain of the answer; at least the French view is arguable. In the second place, whatever one may think of the League, can one be indifferent to the fact that its weakness in this affair may bring with it, in France and throughout Europe, first discredit and then peril to the Left, and finally, it may be, on Russia the ordeal of a German attack?

Your correspondent has tried to look at this business from all sides. The only standpoint to which he has done less than justice is that of the English Liberals, who try to believe that an honest League can be reconstituted, with Hitler as its new recruit. Some other pen must elaborate that theme. To his thinking, this situation admits of no good solution, hardly even of a tolerable compromise. The follies and crimes of the past are working themselves out, and among those follies we may have to include the decision of the Russians and the Left to identify themselves with the Versailles League.

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Dramatis Personae: 1896-1902

IV: *A Discursion on Style*

I SAW George Moore daily, we were at work on "Diarmuid and Grania." Lady Gregory thought such collaboration would injure my own art and was perhaps right. Because his mind was argumentative, abstract, diagrammatic, mine sensuous, concrete, rhythmical and we argued about words. In later years through a knowledge of the stage, and through the exfoliation of my own style, I learned that occasional prosaic words gave the impression of an active man speaking. In dream poetry, in "Kubla Khan," in "The Stream Secret," every line, every word, can carry its unanalyzable, rich associations; but if we dramatize some possible singer or speaker we remember that he is moved by one thing at a time, certain words must be numb and dry. Here and there in correcting my early poems I have introduced such numbness and dryness, turned, for instance, "the curd, pale moon" into the "brilliant moon," that all might seem, as it were, remembered with indifference, except some one vivid image. When I began to rehearse a play I had the defects of my early poetry; I insisted upon obvious all-pervading rhythm. Later on I found myself saying that only in those lines or words where the beauty of the passage came to its climax, must rhythm be obvious. Because Moore thought all drama should be about possible people set in their appropriate surroundings, because he was fundamentally a realist ("Who are his people?" he said after a performance of Russell's "Deirdre," "ours were cattle merchants"), he required many dry, numb words. But he put them in more often than not because he had no feeling for words in themselves, none for their historical association. He insisted for days upon calling the Fianna "soldiers." In "The Story-Teller's Holiday" he makes a young man in the thirteenth century go to the "salons" of "the fashionable ladies" in Paris; in his last story men and women of the Homeric age read books.

Our worst quarrels, however, were when he tried to be poetical, to write in what he considered my style. He made the dying Diarmuid say to Fionn: "I will kick you down the stairway of the stars." My letters to Lady Gregory show that we made peace at last, Moore accepting my judgment upon words, I his upon construction. To that he would sacrifice what he had thought the day before not only his best scene, "the best scene in any modern play," and without regret: all must receive its being from the central idea; nothing be in itself anything. He would have been a master of construction, but that his practice as a novelist made him long for descriptions and reminiscences. If Diarmuid and that it did, it failed because the second act, instead of moving swiftly from incident to incident, was reminiscent and descriptive; almost a new first act. I had written enough poetical drama to know this and point it out to Moore. After the performance and just before our final quarrel the letters speak of an agreement to rewrite this act. I had sent Moore a scenario.

When in later years some play after months of work grew more and more incoherent, I blamed those two years' collaboration. But whatever effect it had on me it was unmixed misfortune for Moore, it set him upon a pursuit of style that made barren his later years. I no longer underrate him, I know that he had written, or was about to write, five great novels. "The Mummer's Wife," "Esther Waters," "Sister Teresa" (everything is there of the convent, a priest said to me, but the religious life), "Muslin," "The Lake," these two Irish in theme, gained nothing from their style. I may speak later of the books he was to write under what seems to me a misunderstanding of his powers.

England had turned from style, as it has been understood from the translators of the Bible to Walter Pater, and sought mere clarity in statement and debate, a journalistic effectiveness, at the moment when Irish men of letters began to quote the saying of Sainte-Beuve, "There is nothing immortal in literature except style." Style was his growing obsession, he would point out all the errors of some silly experiment of mine. It was from some such experiment that he learned those long flaccid structureless sentences, "and, and and, and and"; there is one of twenty-eight lines in "Muslin." Sometimes he rebelled: "Yeats, I have a deep distrust of any man who has a style," but it was generally I who tried to stop the obsession. "Moore, if you ever get a style," I said, "it will ruin you. It is colored glass and you need a plate-glass window." When he formed his own circle he found no escape; the difficulties of modern Irish literature, from the loose, romantic, legendary stories of Standish O'Grady to James Joyce and Synge, had been in the formation of a style. He heard those difficulties discussed, all his life he had learned from conversation, not from books. His nature, bitter, violent, discordant, did not fit him to write the sentences men murmur again and again for years. Charm and rhythm had been denied him. Improvement makes straight roads; he pumice-stoned every surface because will had to do the work for nature. "You work so hard that like the Lancelot of Tenny-

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finished work before me, I am convinced that he was denied even that "almost."

Douglas Hyde was at Coole in the summer of 1899. Lady Gregory, who had learned Gaelic to satisfy her son's passing desire for a teacher, had founded a branch of the Gaelic League; men began to know the name of the poet whose songs they had sung for years. Lady Gregory and I wanted a Gaelic drama, and I made a scenario for a one-act play founded upon an episode in my "Stories of Red Hanrahan"; I had some hope that my invention, if Hyde would but accept it, might pass into legend as though it were a historical character.

In later years Lady Gregory and I gave Hyde other scenarios and I always watched him with astonishment. His ordinary English style was without charm; he explored facts without explaining them, and in the language of the newspapers—Moore compared one of his speeches to frothing porter. His Gaelic, like the dialect of his "Love Songs of Connaught," written a couple of years earlier, had charm, seemed all spontaneous and joyous, every speech born out of itself. Had he shared our modern preoccupation with the mystery of life, learned our modern construction, he might have grown into another and happier Synge. But emotion and imagery came as they would, not as he would, somebody else had to put them together; he had the folk mind as no modern man has had it, its qualities and its defects, and for a few days in the year Lady Gregory and I shared his absorption in that mind. When I wrote verse, five or six lines in two or three laborious hours were a day's work, and I longed for somebody to interrupt me. But he wrote all day, whether in verse or prose, and without apparent effort. Effort was there, but in the unconscious—he had given up verse writing because it affected his lungs or his heart—Lady Gregory kept watch, to draw him from his table after so many hours; the gamekeeper had the boat and the guns ready; there were ducks upon the lake. He wrote in joy and at great speed because emotion brought the appropriate word. Nothing in that language of his was abstract, nothing worn-out; he need not, as must the writer of some language exhausted by modern civilization, reject word after word, cadence after cadence; he had escaped our perpetual, painful, purification. I read, translated by Lady Gregory or by himself into that dialect which gets from Gaelic its syntax and keeps its still partly Tudor vocabulary; little was, I think, lost:

> I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose;
> The night was not plain to me more than the day
> Till I got sight of her.

That does not impress me today; it is too easy to copy; too many have copied it; when I first read it, it was fresh from my struggle with Victorian rhetoric. I began to test my poetical inventions by translating them into like speech. Lady Gregory transformation of her whole mind into the mind of the people, begun "to think like a wise man" but to express herself like "the common people."

On October 2, 1901, "Diarmuid and Grania" preceded by Douglas Hyde's "The Twisting of the Rope," was produced for a week by the Benson Company in the Gaiety Theatre. London theatre managers must have thought it failed, or that the newspapers' comments had taken freshness from it, for the London managers who had admired it in manuscript were silent. Yet it did not seem to fail; when Maud Gonne and I got into our cab to go to some supper party after the performance, the crowd from the gallery wanted to take the horse out of the cab and drag us there, but Maud Gonne, weary of public demonstrations, refused. What was it like? York Powell, Scandinavian scholar, historian, an impressionable man, preferred it to Ibsen's "Heroes of Heligoland." I do not know. I have but a draft of some unfinished scenes, and of the performance I can but recall Benson's athletic dignity in one scene and the notes of the horn in Elgar's dirge over the dead Diarmuid. "The Twisting of the Rope," Hyde as the chief character—he had always acted his speeches—the enthusiasm of his Gaelic Leaguers for the first Gaelic play ever acted in a theatre, are still vivid. But then Lady Gregory's translation of the Gaelic text has renewed my memory.

Moore had inherited a large Mayo estate, and no Mayo country gentleman had ever dressed the part so well. He lacked manners, but had manner; he could enter a room so as to draw your attention without seeming to, his French, his knowledge of painting, suggested travel and leisure. Yet nature had denied to him the final touch: he had a coarse palate. Edward Martyn alone suspected it. When Moore abused the waiter or the cook, he had thought, "I know what he is hiding." In a London restaurant on a night when the soup was particularly good, just when Moore had the spoon at his lip, he said: "Do you mean to say you are going to drink that?" Moore tasted the soup, then called the waiter, and ran through the usual performance; Martyn did not undeceive him, content to chuckle in solitude. Moore had taken a house in Upper Ely Place; he spent a week at our principal hotel while his furniture was moving in: he denounced the food to the waiter, to the manager, went down to the kitchen and denounced it to the cook. "He has written to the proprietress," said the manager, "that the steak is like brown paper. How can you believe a word such a man would say, a steak cannot be like brown paper." He had his own bread sent in from the baker and said on the day he left: "How can these people endure it." "Because," said the admiring headwaiter, "they are not *comme il faut*." A little later I stayed with him and wrote to Lady Gregory: "He is boisterously enduring the sixth cook." Then free Sli~

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six in three weeks. One brought in a policeman, Moore had made so much noise. Moore dragged the policeman into the dining room and said: "Is there a law in this country to compel me to eat this abominable omelette?"

Sometimes Moore, instead of asking us to accept for true some monstrous invention, would press some spontaneous action into deliberate comedy; starting in bad blood or blind passion, he would all in a moment see himself as others saw him. When he arrived in Dublin, all the doors in Upper Ely Place had been painted white by a general agreement between the landlord and the tenants. Moore had his door painted green, and three Miss Beams —no, I have not got the name quite right—who lived next door, protested to the landlord. Then began a correspondence between Moore and the landlord wherein he insisted on his position as an art critic, and that the whole decoration of his house required a green door—I imagine that he had but wrapped the green flag around him—then the indignant young women bought a copy of "Esther Waters," tore it up, put the fragments into a large envelope, wrote thereon: "Too filthy to keep in the house," dropped it into Moore's letter-box. I was staying with Moore, let myself in with a latch-key some night after twelve, and found a note on the hall table asking me to put the door on the chain. As I was undressing, I heard Moore trying to get in; when I had opened the door and pointed to the note he said: "Oh, I forgot. Every night I go out at eleven, at twelve, at one, and rattle my stick on the railing to make the Miss Beams' dog bark." Then I saw in the newspapers that the Miss Beams had hired organ-grinders to play under Moore's window when he was writing, that he had prosecuted the organ-grinders.

Moore had a large garden on the other side of the street, a blackbird sang there; he received his friends upon Saturday evening and made a moving speech upon the bird. "I enjoy its song, if I were the bad man people say I am, could I enjoy its song?" He wrote every morning at an open window on the ground floor, and one morning saw the Miss Beams' cat cross the street, and thought, "That cat will get my bird." He went out and filled his pocket with stones and whenever he saw the cat, threw a stone. Somebody, perhaps the typist, must have laughed, for the rest of the tale fills me with doubt. I was passing through Dublin just on my way to Coole; he came to my hotel. "I remembered how early that cat got up. I thought it might get the blackbird if I was not there to protect it, so I set a trap. The Miss Beams wrote to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I am carrying on a correspondence with its secretary, cat versus bird." (Perhaps after all, the archives of the Society do contain that correspondence. The tale is not yet incredible.) I passed through Dublin again, perhaps on my way back. Moore came to see me in seeming great depression. "Remember that trap?" "Yes." "Remember that bird?" "Yes." "I have caught the bird."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

The fifth and last of these selections from Yeats's memoirs will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

Now We Can Tax Wealth

PROPOSALS to increase income-tax rates on the higher brackets are certain to encounter three stock objections. The increase constitutes "robbery" and "confiscation." It will "destroy initiative." It will retard progress by curtailing the supply of funds available for capital formation.

It is argued in behalf of the third of these objections—the only one with which this article is concerned—that progress in a highly mechanized economy requires a large and continuous investment of funds in new productive capital. It is pointed out that the rich and well-to-do supply most of the savings that make capital accumulation possible. From these two propositions it seems to follow logically enough that heavy taxation of large incomes penalizes thrift and retards the expansion of production. The inference is easy that it is better to raise revenue by taxes that fall on the masses, and are paid primarily by a curtailment of consumption rather than of saving.

much overworked argument, and there are sufficiently powerful interests behind it, to make it a serious impediment to efforts to raise taxes on the rich. Not only is it plausible; it must be admitted that, subject to many qualifications and limitations, it has a considerable measure of validity. It is true that most of the saving is done by the rich and well-to-do.[1] It is true that taxes on large incomes have a more restrictive effect on the volume of saving than taxes of like total yield on smaller incomes. It is probably true also that in the past the country has made more rapid progress in production than it would have made had the volume of savings available for capital formation been materially less.

[1] A Brookings Institution study applicable to 1929 shows that 67 percent of the savings of American families were accumulated by 2.3 percent of all families at the top of the income scale. It is estimated that those receiving less than $1,250 a year saved virtually nothing, whereas families with $100,000 or over laid by about 60 percent of their total incomes. While the concentration of saving is now probably somewhat less than in 1929, the broad

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To many people, not all of whom are disinterested, these generalizations constitute an iron-clad case for going easy on the taxation of big incomes at all times and under all conditions. This is, however, far too simple a view. While as a long-run proposition it is desirable to have an ample flow of savings, there are probably periods when the supply is excessive and when heavier taxation of the rich would be economically beneficial.

He would be a bold prophet indeed who undertook to forecast the demand for and supply of savings during the next few years. Seldom has the situation offered more imponderables. In the face of this uncertainty those who oppose further increases in taxation of large incomes urge that the country play safe and assure itself an ample supply of savings by forbearing to raise the rates on the higher brackets above the present level. It is pointed out that the rates are already roughly twice as high as those prevailing in the period of alleged oversaving, 1925-29.

Whatever may be the merits of this argument, they cannot be properly appraised without a consideration of the provisions of the social-security legislation recently passed by Congress. It has not been sufficiently recognized that this legislation adds a new source of savings to the supply hitherto available and that it weakens *pro tanto* the case for maintaining large incomes in order to augment the nation's supply of new capital funds.

Under the provisions of Title II of the social-security law, a reserve fund will be accumulated by the government from the proceeds of wage and payroll taxes levied to finance federal old-age benefits. Payments into this reserve will exceed half a billion dollars in 1938, and will increase each year for over twenty years, amounting to $1,000,000,000 annually by 1943 and to $1,600,000,000 by 1950. The reserve itself will accumulate to a total of $47,000,000,000 by 1980.[2]

The funds poured into this reserve are to be invested in direct or indirect obligations of the Treasury. Given a balanced budget, this will mean that in a comparatively short time the government will be acquiring annually in the investment market from a billion to a billion and a half of its outstanding obligations. In so doing it will release for other investment a like volume of money and credit tied up in these obligations, thus increasing the supply of funds available for the formation of new private capital. The scheme constitutes, in effect, a system of forced saving, financed by the public generally. Its operation will make it possible to increase substantially the taxation of large incomes without reducing total savings below the level that would have prevailed in the absence of this legislation.

Let us suppose that every dollar raised by taxes on incomes in excess of $50,000 reduces the volume of savings by 70 cents. This seems a liberal estimate. On this assumption it should be possible to increase the tax revenue from these incomes above the volume that would otherwise obtain by 1.4 times the annual accretion to the social-security reserves. This would mean, for example, that when the annual accretion reaches $1,500,000,000, rates on the high income brackets can be stepped up so as to yield an extra $2,100,000,000 without reducing the volume of savings below the level that would obtain without the social-security legislation.

It might of course prove impracticable or otherwise undesirable to raise 1.4 times the annual accretion to the reserves by additional taxes on incomes of $50,000 and over. The total amount in such incomes, although about six billions in 1929, was less than one billion in 1933. What it will be in future years can only be conjectured. The smaller the incomes affected by the additional taxation, the larger the revenue obtainable consistent with a given curtailment of saving. If the additional taxes were to penetrate down to incomes of say $10,000 or $20,000, it should be possible to raise much more than 1.4 times the annual reserve accretion without absorbing more savings than the old-age-security system provides.

It may be argued that the prospect of old-age security will reduce the incentive for individual saving, and that consequently the annual accretions to the old-age reserve will be offset by a reduction in voluntary accumulation. It appears, however, that any such effect will be very slight. The scheme covers only about half of the gainfully employed, for the most part the half least likely to save. A recent Brookings Institution study indicates that the total savings of non-farm families with incomes under $2,000 are comparatively negligible. A good part of the saving done by these families consists of the purchase of homes and life-insurance policies, two forms likely to continue despite the prospect of a modest old-age income.[3] It is safe to say that the forced saving accomplished by the old-age security scheme will represent for the most part a net addition to the total saving of the nation.

The most economically and socially desirable rates of taxation on large incomes cannot be determined solely by reference to their effect on the supply of savings. Even if this were the only criterion the answer would have to be largely guesswork, particularly at the present time. The point of our discussion is merely this: whatever that guess may have been before the legislation was passed, the rates then contemplated can be appropriately revised upward.

GEORGE TERBORGH.

[2] In addition to the old-age-security reserves, the new legislation provides for the accumulation of a reserve for unemployment benefits. The actuarial basis for forecasting the rate of accumulation of this reserve, or its size at any future date, is so inadequate that we may omit it from consideration in the present context. It is likely to remain small in comparison with the reserve for old-age benefits.

[3] "Savings," as defined in the Brookings Institution study, does not include expenditures for automobiles, radios and similar durable consumers' goods. This sort of outlay would of course be little [illegible]

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Do You Offend?

IF THE advertisers had performed no other service to mankind, we ought still to be grateful to them for their determined and consistent efforts to teach us good manners. I don't mean here the mere minutiae of table etiquette or of ball-room behavior; I refer rather to the broader principles underlying all civilized conduct, and particularly to that first rule by which the true lady and gentleman alike should be governed: that he (or she) shall endeavor to give no unwarranted offense to others.

It is in this branch of the amenities that the advertisers have been most assiduous, both in exploring all possible ways of giving offense and in indicating means whereby the decorous may avoid doing so. Their researches have been going on for some years now, and the end is not yet, but even a partial catalogue of the results already obtained reveals so many difficulties in the way of correct comportment that even a Bayard or a Brummel might well be confused, while it seems certain that future historians, studying our advertising pages, will conclude that the people of our period were far and away the thinnest-skinned ever to inhabit the earth.

There was surely never before a time, for instance, when guests were so touchy as they are now. There are literally dozens of ways of offending them, and once given, the offense is usually mortal. To be sure, if your fault is in making your cocktails out of the wrong kind of gin (any other than Gordon's), they will content themselves merely with sneering at your ignorance behind your back, but there are a number of what might seem at first glance to be lesser offenses that are enough to send your guests storming out of the house, never to return. If you don't serve them Libby's pineapple juice at breakfast, if you offer them plain tomato juice instead of College Inn cocktails at any other meals, if your dishes aren't kept sparkling (with Rinso), they will not only resent the affront, they will frequently break things. After-dinner coffee, which should be the most genial period of the meal, is now the most turbulent, for there are some who are offended if you do offer them Sanka (until they learn better, of course), and some who are offended if you *don't,* while still others have an unalterable preference for Chase and Sanborn's "dated" coffee. No hostess has as yet found a clear way out of this difficulty.

Week-end guests, however, are the worst. They have to have Cannon bath towels, Lady Pepperell sheets, Simmons springs, Camay guest-size cakes of soap—last summer they began, though in rather hesitant voices, to demand air-conditioning wherever they went. It's a wonder hostesses just don't say the hell with them.

But it's no use saying good riddance after them, as they go stomping out the door (if in winter, per- the next tea party, the talk will go round. "Jane's lovely," they'll say. "But did you see her *hands!*" And all will aver that Jane suffers from "dishpan hands"—because, of course, she doesn't use Lux soap-flakes in her kitchen. Having cast an appraising eye over your living room, they will apply the dread word "homitosis" to it, and to you. "Homitosis" is the name coined by the Sachs Furniture Company to describe people afflicted with rundown, antiquated house furnishings. They will blame their errors at bridge on your faulty electrical equipment. "Pretty as a picture," they will say, "until she opens her mouth"—when, they imply, a closer attention on your part to the deadly "film" on the teeth is at once indicated. Such things go on behind our backs, apparently, every day.

But these are far from being the worst offenses that can be committed. In so crowded a civilization as ours it, it is inevitable that enforced close contacts with other sweating, breathing humans should irk the fastidious. The dangers here have been so thoroughly canvassed that one hardly needs more than mention B.O. and its fearsome brother, halitosis. Now, however, things have reached the point where the merest hint of man's connection with the animal, the slightest departure from complete antisepsis, is enough to make the sensitive look askance.

Oddly enough, too, it is women who seem to be the chief offenders in this regard. You can offend, if you are a lady, by not washing, in Lux, your dainty underthings after each wearing (underthings, in the advertisements, are always "dainty"), by neglecting the under-arms (Mum), the finger-nails (Cutex), by failing to bleach the "superfluous" hair on legs or arms into invisibility with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. You can offend—and so grievously that many a girl has lost friends, jobs, suitors, everything—by not using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, which alone has power to render the teeth not only dazzling, but germ-proof.

Men's faults, on the other hand, run chiefly to matters of appearance. They let their socks fall down and their collars grow rumpled; poor fools, they miss their big chance at the One and Only Girl by failing to shave on the day of the meeting. They smoke smelly pipes instead of sweetening them with Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco. They make nuisances of themselves at parties through not having learned to dance, by taking ten easy lessons at home from Arthur Murray's dancing school. They risk social and economic suicide by succumbing weakly to the passage of time and growing bald, when any number of hair restorers would have saved the day.

And all these, it must be repeated, are not regarded as minor lapses or unavoidable failings. Indeed, nowadays, if one is to believe the advertisements, no failing is held to be unavoidable. People brook no slightest variation from complete perfection, and physical disabilities that once commanded the sympathy of the more fortunate now give rise

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makers of Kelpamalt, Marmora and other magic-makers, you can offend—or what is worse, be discarded in favor of seemlier individuals—if you are too thin or if you are too fat; if you are too puny to defend the girl you love from the gibes of bullies; or, if you are that girl, if you have headaches, tire easily at parties, or if your bust isn't all it should be.

Since Fleischmann's Yeast entered the field, of course, all skin eruptions and blemishes are definitely taboo, and are acutely offensive to all who are forced to lay eyes on them; and with Bayer's Aspirin available, among other remedies, even the common cold is considered a breach of good taste. So sneezing and coughing are pictured as indecorous, while if you do sink so low as to catch a cold, you have no excuse for not using Kleenex instead of an ordinary handkerchief.

With so numerous a body of investigators in the field, it was inevitable that occasional contradictions should occur. Thus a pretty problem arises in connection with cosmetics, most makers of lip-sticks, face creams and lotions promising allure as the least of the benefits to be gained by their use, while the manufacturers of Tangee alone decry the "painted" look, and have gone so far as to maintain flatly that men will not kiss too-scarlet lips. The problem is further complicated by the Lux Toilet Soap people, who deplore "cosmetic-skin" in general, no matter what brand of make-up you use. A similar difference of opinion exists with regard to hair-oils for men, the makers of Kreml and Glostora agreeing that only by plastering down your hair with their products can you make a favorable impression in the drawing room, while the Lansdown Furniture Cleaning Company implies that hostesses (for obvious reasons) abhor guests who betray an addiction to such pomades.

In general, however, there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion, both as to the number and the enormity of the offenses that can be committed. It is too early, of course, to attempt to draw conclusions, but one cannot forbear noting the effect of the depression on good manners, which was considerable. For instance, you are no longer likely to offend all the neighbors in your block by not having your car Simonized regularly, nor are you now considered a boor if you don't have it fitted with Ramco piston rings to eliminate its squeaks and knocks. Your friends, apparently, may be driving their last year's car, too. And it is a relief to know that you can now wear your ordinary day-time glasses anywhere, instead of having to have a special pair for evening wear, as the Shur-On optical people held to be necessary a few years ago.

If the depression has taught us one thing, it is the importance of fundamentals. There has been a definite trend in recent years towards a greater concentration on the simpler, more vital things of life. According to such seasoned investigators as the makers of Lux, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, Ovaltine and others, if a girl can get her man, and if the man can get and hold a job, that is about all that matters. And though there are offenses that still bulk large in married life, such as chapped hands, dull and lusterless hair and an insufficient acquaintance with the works of Plato, Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream, Watkins' Mulsified Shampoo and a variety of pocket encyclopedias stand ready to show the way out of the difficulty.

This is as it should be, and it is unfortunate that so idyllic a state of things seems destined not to last. But the advertisers' labors have by no means ended yet, and indeed in a recent advertisement there was a hint that a whole new field of inquiry had been unearthed. This was an advertisement by the makers of Pulvex Dog Soap, and it claimed, among other advantages of the product, that it combatted "D.O.," or "doggie odor."

From this to a code of conduct for guppies seems but a step.

ROBERT M. COATES.

TWO SONNETS FOR A YOUNG WIFE

I

Suppose, when need of woman first shook me
Walking the upland orchards, I'd met you
Coming for apples, what a man I'd be
Today with your breasts having helped me through!
The life, in your translucent body cased,
Down my black past unwitting sends a light,
Whereby I see how bleak and blown that waste,
How needless, had earth timed our years aright.
Yet why not shout in late delight and pride
That, blasting my way through social, natural laws,
My gray has won such gold before I died?—
Why not?—O desperate, loving mate, because
I've launched your girlhood on a winter tide. . . .
And on my oars ice thickens in the flaws

II

In whom can I burrow? Who'll enfold my ache?
My naked weakness needs again the womb:
In whom can I huddle, stirring? O in whom
But only you?—although your body shake. . . .
Then to be born again, then to awake,
Plenished with your blood in that fertile gloom,
To try life over, with more light and room
And your arms hugging all I undertake . . .
O Mother-spirit of love, ultimate rest
Not only, but communicative power,
It's your great need to womb me for that birth,
That, thus re-manned, through spiritual incest
I grow your mate and master of our Hour,
O M[illegible]

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Washington Notes

Gnawing the W.P.A. Ham-bone—Mayors Get the Gravy, Roosevelt the Gristle—Oh, for Ickes and His P.W.A.

IT IS becoming clear that Messrs. Roosevelt, Hopkins and Farley, when they devised the W.P.A., were not nearly so smart as they thought themselves. Instead of a political asset of great value, it has turned out to be a dead albatross around Mr. Roosevelt's neck. In the present debate on unemployment relief in Congress, the Democrats are defending the W.P.A., but they are doing so with the hopelessness of trapped Ethiopians.

Gloomily, the Democrats are coming to sense that there is only one group in the country wholeheartedly in favor of the W.P.A.—the United States conference of mayors. They are also coming to sense why. The political red meat and fat of the W.P.A. program are going almost exclusively to the mayors, leaving Mr. Roosevelt and the Democratic Party, nationally, the bones and gristle.

The W.P.A. provides the essentials of American politics, contracts and jobs. Nearly every W.P.A. project has given rise to a contract—for materials, for rental of machinery, and sometimes for actual construction work. The great trouble has been, however, that these expenditures have been so small and so numerous that it has been impossible to control them from the W.P.A. headquarters in each state. The contractors have done business directly with the local authorities, without so much as a thank-you to the national W.P.A. officials. Total expenditures for materials and equipment under the W.P.A. amount to about $300,000,000 annually—not much for a big country, but very helpful to mayors and contractors.

Local political organizations have also acquired most of the credit for the jobs furnished the unemployed. Last November and December, because of the slowness with which projects were begun, it was not easy to obtain a W.P.A. job. With great unanimity, the unemployed turned to their neighborhood district leaders. When they finally landed on W.P.A. payrolls, their gratitude went to the district leaders, not to the national administration. About a month ago, Mr. Hopkins announced that 700,000 workers were to be dropped from the W.P.A. According to reports, a new trek to the district leaders for help has begun. From the point of view of the unemployed, the W.P.A., nationally, seems capricious, stingy and cruel. The district leaders, on the other hand, seem like friends and champions.

If all mayors were good Democrats, who could be depended on to come to the aid of the party next autumn, the situation would be less tragic. The fact is, however, that a large number of city administrations in the politically doubtful Northeast are Republican. Gradually the Democratic leaders are becoming aware that, through the W.P.A., they are spoon-feeding a multitude of small Republican ingrates who, in the coming election, will turn on Mr. Roosevelt and bite him.

The C.C.C. furnishes the best possible proof of the extent to which unemployment relief and local politics [illegible] months the administration advisers point out that the Republican Party if it is returned to power, will be equally helpless. the C.C.C. has dropped well below its authorized strength. Apprehensive about the size of the 1937 budget deficit, Mr. Roosevelt decided to cut the number of C.C.C. camps from 2,150 to 1,456. This plan was submitted to the Democratic leaders, and met with cordial approval. Almost at once, however, members of Congress began to receive agonized telegrams and letters from their home districts. It speedily became clear that around each C.C.C. camp had developed a complex web of infinitesimal vested interests. All camps buy vegetables from the neighborhood shops and farmers; many C.C.C. projects require the purchase of contractors' materials and the rental of machinery. Many camps have in their vicinity miserable little shops, competing with the C.C.C. canteen for the dimes and nickels of the boys. At the end of two weeks of protests, the Democratic leaders informed Mr. Roosevelt that the entire 1936-37 relief program was in jeopardy. Just before he left for Florida, Mr. Roosevelt surrendered unconditionally, at an estimated cost to the Treasury of $78,000,000.

Secretary Ickes is entitled to a wry laugh at the administration's predicament. Under the old P.W.A., all projects have been handled entirely from Washington. Every community that has received a dam, power-house, bridge, express highway or low-cost housing project, has known that it had Mr. Ickes and the Roosevelt administration to be grateful to. All P.W.A. jobs and contracts have come straight from Washington. Through his so-called Ogpu, Mr. Ickes has seen to it that officials have been reasonably competent and contracts reasonably honest. As a result, there has never been any such shameful intra-party free-for-all over jobs and funds as is now going on, under the W.P.A., in West Virginia. Mr. Ickes has always paid the union scale of wages, and no delegation of unemployed has ever picketed the P.W.A. with stories of hungry, sick children. Finally, nearly every project approved by Mr. Ickes has been of permanent social value.

Every old-time city boss knows that it is dangerous and futile to play politics with the police department. Some of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers are beginning to think that the same thing is true of relief. It is unrealistic to expect gratitude; unemployed men with families will not sing Christmas carols under Mr. Roosevelt's window just because they have received $60-a-month W.P.A. jobs. All any administration can do is to offer relief in the most non-partisan manner and on the most generous terms possible, and offer it humbly and apologetically, hoping to deflect the resentment that the unemployed must necessarily feel.

The one legitimate advantage that the Roosevelt administration might have gained from its relief expenditures would have been the construction of great public works—public works of a character impossible in times of normal employment. This advantage it threw away. Bitterly as some of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers regret this, they have no hope that the old P.W.A. program can be revived. Any reduction of the present W.P.A. expenditures, they say, would bring about a nationwide revolt of city, town and county officials. It would be political suicide. Grimly,

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As long as unemployment remains at its present level, the W.P.A., or its equivalent, will be the chief form of relief.

Senator King of Utah, backed by a group of reactionary Democrats and Republicans, has announced that he will oppose the allotment of further funds to the W.P.A.'s white-collar program. Most observers think that this attack will be defeated. One reason for thinking so is that the musicians form an important white-collar group, and have the strength of the A.F. of L. behind them. In an election year this will probably suffice to save all white-collar workers.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Recovery Again Postponed—Submarginal Margins—Mr. Lippmann Wrestles with Relief—On to Paradise!

TWO HUNDRED and twelve million dollars in new securities issued during February! There is the evidence of the activity of the financial markets, indicating not merely the germs of recovery, but recovery itself. Who can deny it? Investors are coming forward with their money.

But are they? The Securities and Exchange Commission records the filing of applications for the issuance of $212,088,937 in new securities. But this cannot mean anything for recovery unless these new securities are issued to raise funds to be invested in industry. And this is precisely what was not done. The Commission breaks down the objects of these proposed issues each month and, so far as I can see, out of the whole $212,088,937, only $15,183,000 was for new business. The rest was for various ends: securities to be held in the treasury to take care of conversion, securities to take care of reorganizations, new bonds to be substituted for old bonds—a new set of I.O.U.'s for old ones.

Of course, this does not mean that $15,183,000 of new money will find its way into industry as a result of these issues. It means that corporations and promoters have applied for permission to issue and sell that much. They may never issue them. They may never sell them. I'm afraid we will have to postpone celebrating the departure of the "late" depression until this capital-funds market stages a revival.

There has been, of course, a revival in the stock market—that is, there has been a more active market for old stocks. So much so in fact that the Federal Reserve System has felt called upon to impose what on its face seems like more drastic margin requirements. But are they really more drastic? The most ineffectual, indeed the most ludicrous provisions of the Securities Exchange Act are those relating to margins. They originated in the mind of a gentleman who at the time was ranked an economic adviser to the President. They have been a source of worry ever since the new Act became effective. They are a perfect example of what happens when men who

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crotchety idea about the subject. And this was a crotchety idea which came directly from the White House. It was literally imposed on the Act.

At all events, the Reserve Board has now made a new rule that not more than 45 percent of the market value of a stock may be loaned on it. But it goes farther and makes this rule apply to banks as well as brokers. This last provision is an excellent one, and should have been imposed sooner. In this department I urged it from the beginning. However, there are some strange features in these rules. Here is how they will work. If you buy a share of stock for $100, you will have to put up $55, the broker may lend you up to $45. If you buy through a bank (after June 1) the bank will be subject to the same rule. But suppose the share begins to decline and goes down actually to $45. There is nothing in the rule requiring the broker to call for more margin. A sensible broker will do so, but the rules do not require it. Suppose you buy a share for $100, borrow $45 and then the share goes down to $50. You then buy another share, borrowing $22.50 on it. You will then own two shares—worth $100—and you will owe your broker $67.50. Your actual margin will be only $32.50.

Mr. Walter Lippmann has applied himself to a cold analysis of the relief and W.P.A. problem. He points out that the President has overlooked a matter that is very obvious to Mr. Lippmann. It is this—that the relief rolls are as large as they are today because there are great numbers of people on them who prefer to remain on relief. To be perfectly fair about this Mr. Lippmann points out that these are the people who are without self-respect and who refuse to take jobs. He explains very carefully that this is not true of all the people on relief. The majority of them are self-respecting people who would take jobs if they could get them. But there is a minority, and in some places a substantial minority, who will not take jobs because they are without a sense of self-respect.

Now if we will submit this remarkable analysis to a little further and colder analysis we will arrive at the truth about relief. It appears, according to Mr. Lippmann, that there are two classes of people on relief. There are worthy people who are self-respecting and a substantial minority who are not self-respecting. It appears also that somewhere there are a lot of jobs that could be had—that in fact are going begging. The substantial minority without self-respect, who prefer doles to wages, refuse these jobs. But at this point one asks—are these jobs offered only to the people who do not respect themselves? If they are open to anyone, even the self-respecting people who would rather work than be on relief, why don't the self-respecting people take them? We can understand the non-self-respecting dolesters refusing to take the jobs. But we can't understand the jobs not being filled, with so many self-respecting people on relief. In other words, there seems to be a screw loose somewhere in this argument.

I am organizing a new political party and looking for planks. I plan to call it the Paradisians. Generally, the objective will be abundance. Of course we will

with immediate payment of the bonus, and a new plan that will enable us to spend our debts. Any citizen may go to the Treasury, make an affidavit as to the amount he owes, and receive from the Treasury a certificate that he owes that amount—only the certificate will be issued in denominations of $1, $5 and $10, so that he may be enabled to spend his debts. This should release $200,000,000,000 of new purchasing power. The slogan of the new party will be "Two houses in every climate and two chickens in every penthouse." JOHN T. FLYNN.

On the Labor Front

Workers as Consumers—A Lopsided Recovery—The Emasculated Food and Drugs Act—The Failure of Housing

THERE has been a feeling among some readers of this column that my reports have rather slighted one of the more important problems of labor—that of labor as consumer. I must plead guilty to the charge and will attempt to make amends in this and future reports. But first I should like to offer a feeble defense, namely, that my delinquency is probably attributable to a very common malady—the split economic personality. The nature of this disease is such that it makes the respective roles of producer and consumer appear to be virtually unrelated functions. Organized labor is just as susceptible to the disease as are other groups in the community. For while labor will vigorously resist wage cuts—no matter how small—it does practically nothing to make sure that workers will get their money's worth when they go shopping. Yet surely workers are just as vitally affected by what they pay for goods as by what they receive for their labor, especially if they have shoddy merchandise unloaded on them, as so often happens.

One of the consequences of this apathy on the part of labor (as well as other groups) is an extraordinary lack of information on the position of workers as consumers. The American Federation of Labor, using Department of Labor Statistics, summarizes the past two years as follows: "From 1933 to 1934, industrial production increased four percent, employment four percent and workers' buying power four percent, while from 1934 to 1935 production increased fourteen percent, employment two percent and workers' buying power less than three percent." In contrast, the Standard Statistics index of profits in 120 industrial corporations rose 27.5 percent from 1933 to 1934 and 49.7 percent from 1934 to 1935.

Thus, while there has been a recovery in both profits and purchasing power, the recovery has been decidedly lopsided. Moreover, the slight increase in purchasing power for workers in the aggregate tells us very little about the purchasing power of workers as individuals. And on that subject no official information is available, though one would think that the government would be vitally interested in the matter. The most recent and, in fact, the only thorough study of this phase of the consumer problem [illegible] back to 1929 [illegible] families in the United States did not receive an income adequate to buy even the basic necessities; 42 percent of the families had incomes below the subsistence level. Conditions are obviously worse today, even if one allows generously for the recovery since the worst days of 1932 and 1933.

The federal government could, of course, aid consumers in making their depressed incomes buy more and in protecting them against fraudulent merchandise. Three years ago, for example, the administration introduced a food and drug bill that would have helped a great deal in this direction. It would have given the Food and Drug Administration power to establish government standards for canned goods and to require canners to label their products in accordance with such standards. It would also have given the government power to force advertisers to be truthful. However, the well paid lobbies of the food, drug and publishing industries have prevented the enactment of the measures. They have also succeeded in whittling down the bill (still pending in Congress) so that it is doubtful now whether it would give the consumer any more protection than the present law, which was passed thirty years ago and is woefully out of date.

Similarly, during the N.R.A., there was great need to protect consumers, but the Consumers' Advisory Board was never given an effective voice in the drafting of codes. Its recommendations for provisions against price-fixing and for the establishment of government grading in the food and clothing industries were ignored. There is still great need for government study in these fields, but the Consumers' Division (which was transferred to the Department of Labor after the death of the N.R.A.) has now been demoted to a W.P.A. project. With the transfer, its major activities, including price studies and the publication of an informative magazine for consumers, have apparently been suspended.

Of course, the government's greatest opportunity for aiding the low-income families was through a low-cost-housing program. The real-estate interests have not only been able to block such a program, but have succeeded in diverting government effort to drumming up business for private builders. The annual report of the Federal Housing Administration gives some illuminating data on this aspect of its work—work that the advertising magazine Tide praises as the "biggest, broadest promotional activity in the country since the War." This included organization of nearly 9,000 better-housing committees, house-to-house canvassing (relief workers made something like 11,900,000 calls last year and brought in 2,180,000 pledges of modernization), radio programs (203 network broadcasts and electrical transcriptions on 543 local stations), motion-picture news flashes shown to an audience of not less than 35,800,000, etc. For all this ballyhoo, as Tide puts it, "every manufacturer who stands to benefit by a housing boom owes a big debt." The many families who cannot afford new houses, or even modernization, will have to reserve their cheering for some later time.

There are hopeful signs, meanwhile, that consumers are awakening—such as the meat strikes of last summer and the growth of the League of Women Shoppers and the Consumers' Union. These groups recognize that the interests

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The Bandwagon

I favor discontinuance of the orgy of spending in Washington, thereby reducing the cost of government and taxation. . . . I am in favor of deepening and widening the channel of the Illinois River. . . . I favor deepening and widening the Hennepin Canal . . . Federal funds should be advanced to the railroads to repair and rebuild the roadbeds and tracks by hand labor. In farm legislation, the government should make grants to the states—the states to pay bounties to the farmers for removing 25 to 30 percent of their acreage from production.—*William E. Hull, announcing his candidacy for United States Senator from Illinois, in The Peoria Journal-Transcript, February 16.*

Strong nations do not have to descend to the sort of insane carnival in which the Italians are indulging today; strong nations have a sense of proportion. Nationalist, militarist Italy shows that it lacks this sense. So it happens that a miserable war of conquest is celebrated as a Roman triumph.—*Benito Mussolini, writing contemporaneously of the Italo-Turkish War of 1911-12. Quoted in John Gunther's book, "Inside Europe."*

Nature tempers her destruction with mercy. These floods come at the END of a hard winter, heralding spring. Suppose these floods had preceded a hard winter. . . . —*Editorial in The New York Daily Mirror, March 20.*

When Earl Browder was given the freedom of a broadcasting chain the other night to explain his "red" doctrines, this country went much too far in tolerating free speech. . . . This is just the reason we are called "saps" by the Hitlers, the Mussolinis and the Stalins who despise every democratic principle, and deny their opponents the right of fair play.—*From The Hudson, New Jersey, Dispatch, March 9.*

"Law Is Still Supreme."

"Negro Lynched by Georgia Mob."—*Adjacent headlines in the same column of the Macon, Georgia, Evening News, March 14.*

Trade estimates the Hearst and Paul Block newspaper attacks on the Mae West picture will be worth 100 percent more than original valuations. Par [Paramount] is said to figure that a potential $800,000 domestic grosser in "Klondike Annie" may climb to $1,600,000 in the local market.

Box office reports invariably mention that the public at large didn't suspect much dirt in the West film until the Hearst and Block newspapers told them about it.—*Variety, March 18.*

That is the position of modern youth; if it cannot make a living in the city, let it try to do so in the country. If it can't get what it thinks it ought to be paid, let it work, willingly, for less. And if it can't get that "less" it should be willing to work and learn FOR NOTHING.—*New York Sunday Mirror Editorial, March 15.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Unless a request to the contrary is made, we shall publish the name and address of the contributor.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Freud and Marx

SIR: In his review of "The Destructive Element" [The New Republic, March 4, 1936], Malcolm Cowley is quite right in saying that Spender is hard to summarize. And the Auden-worshiping, as such, of that group becomes more and more tiresome as time goes on. But Spender, in one or two passages, provides an exegesis of Auden's fundamental ideas that is important. It is not so much that a synthesis be made between psychoanalysis as a social theory and Marxism as a social theory, and it is not at all that Marxism and the discoveries of Freud are *opposed*. Spender himself recognizes that they are *different*. I quote from "The Destructive Element":

> Here then, are two entirely different ways of looking at society. The one is that society is composed of a whole divided vertically into different competing imperialist units, which are divided again horizontally by class differences. The other regards society as a collection of individuals whose consciousness is a small light in the vast field of unconscious being. Whereas communism lays great emphasis on the will, psychoanalysis doubts the blind will's effectiveness, regards the will, indeed, as dangerous and liable to destructive misuses, and emphasizes the importance of patience and rational understanding.

The will, in Marx's time, had not been analyzed into its component parts, and it would be a tragedy if Freud's great discoveries were allowed to be buried under, or disregarded with a sneer or a wave of the hand, in the economic struggle for a new world. For what Freud's discoveries offer us is insight, into our own motives, into primitive ideas, into the irrational and buried and disguised needs that form so much of our being. And insight is a weapon, the greatest weapon that a man can use, to change himself so that he may be fit for a new world's freedom. The revolution within should go on coincidentally with the fight against outer evils. For if the outer evils be conquered, and the inner conflicts persist, what then? A new world should have more in it than the production and consumption of commodities. What of the sympathy born of understanding oneself and others, humility before the things that are of us and yet beyond us, grace, humor and pathos? If we are to lift the material world to the level of the ideal, it would be just as well to clear up the ideal, and to know the human springs that feed it.

So, when I come upon a Leftist poem that speaks of a nervous breakdown, not as a sign of struggling health, but as a sort of disgrace, or as a dreadful spiritual disease, comparable to a touch of leprosy, perhaps; and when I hear the young speak of Freud as though he were a horrid species of charlatan that the twenties (that dreadful decade!) went in for, as it might have gone in for a professor of palmistry; and when I see, now and again, pert references to the Soul (which, I suppose, we must understand to mean the region where the intellect fades off into man's need for something that transcends himself—the region from which primitive incantation, rhythm and human creativeness in general appear, and into which these things recede)—when these matters are brought to my notice, I shudder. Marx (or was it Engels) stated that he wished to turn Hegelian philosophy upside down. Well, whatever position the nutritious spiritual side of man's nature now occupies it would be just ...

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that psychoanalytic theory has done, and will do, much to make it more accessible, and to disengage it from the fugginess of the merely philosophic ideal.

New York City. LOUISE BOGAN.

[The relation between Freud and Marx is a subject that might, and I hope will, lead to serious discussion. As a matter of fact, it has done so already. In Germany, before 1933, there was a whole school of Freudo-Marxists, who published a magazine and wrote several books, including a smuggish and unsatisfactory life of Marx by Otto Rühle. When I said, in reviewing Spender, that "Psychoanalysis as a social theory . . . is fundamentally opposed to Marxism," I was referring to the often observed fact that the psychoanalysts have so far laid almost all their emphasis on adapting individuals to society—that is, to the society now existing—and have therefore made no effort to adapt society to the needs of the individual. Here there has been a direct conflict. On the other hand, some of the ideas developed by Freud and his Vienna colleagues might be very useful to Marxists. I refer to various psychoanalytical interpretations of mass movements, of dictatorship, of revolution and reaction. It must be said that most of these interpretations have been silly and useless; but they have indicated that a field is open to investigation, especially in matters concerning the technique of political persuasion.

As for psychoanalysis as a method of healing individual neuroses, I advance no opinion, never having been psychoanalyzed except by unfriendly book reviewers.—M. C.]

Free Speech in the W.P.A.

SIR: In the fall of 1935 I was transferred from home relief to laboring work on Staten Island. I noticed that the foremen had ganged up among themselves and some of the laborers and were snapping at the workers and taking an unnecessarily authoritative attitude. This continued until one cold morning, when it was ten degrees above zero, I advised the men of a ruling that they were not compelled to work at a temperature under twenty degrees. The foremen were piqued at this and started shoving me and punching another boy—which finally ended in pink slips discharging us. Since that time I have walked through miles of W.P.A. offices trying to get a job and trying to justify the right of a worker to free speech. At the present time I am left without work or home relief. After several years of hard fighting on the social frontier, I sense quite often how one can be drained to the bone awaiting some progressive action from people who are sufficiently advanced to know what is going on. It is a hopeful sign, as I see it now, that we are approaching the beginning of a forward movement.

MILTON GRAY.

New York City.

The Freedom of the Air Bills

SIR: May we ask the support of your readers for the Freedom of the Air Bills, H. R. 9229, 9230, 9231 and H. R. 370, sponsored in Congress by Representative Byron Scott of California? There seems to be a real danger that those who would benefit most may not back these bills simply because they are so temperate and reasonable.

Drafted with the coöperation of free-speech advocates and attorneys with a long experience in radio law, the measures offer a considerable improvement over the present dependence of labor, educational and liberal groups seeking time on the air on the somewhat fickle favor of the broadcasters. The bills may not be a vital solution but they will provide a *modus vivendi* while various other suggestions are under consideration.

These bills, briefly, would establish open forums not unlike the National Broadcasting Company's "Town Meeting of the Air" on every station in the country. One bill, H. R. 9230, would require stations, as a condition of their license, to set aside regular periods "at desirable times of the day and evening for uncensored discussion on a non-profit basis of public, social, political and economic problems and for educational purposes." The bill further provides that Stations, but not speakers, would be freed from legal liability for remarks on such programs by H. R. 9229.

Public records on decisions on applications for free time for discussion of public issues are required by H. R. 9231.

The working out of regulations to enforce these measures is entrusted to the Federal Communication Commission and an advisory committee of "disinterested representative citizens." The difficulties of administration seem no greater than those in handling any fair open forum.

Finally, House Resolution 370 calls for a Broadcasting Research Commission, responsible to the President, to investigate the whole question of radio, its financing, control and operation.

These bills with memoranda supporting them and a brief introduction have been printed in a pamphlet which may be obtained, without charge, from the American Civil Liberties Union, 31 Union Square West, New York City.

ROGER N. BALDWIN, Director,
New York City. American Civil Liberties Union.

From The New Republic Mailbag

Representative Louis Ludlow, of Indiana, informs us that his bill, calling for a constitutional amendment to provide that a popular vote must be taken before the United States can declare war and providing also for taking profit out of war, is now locked in committee. He believes that the country not only needs but actually wants such an amendment. He urges readers of The New Republic to write to their Congressmen asking them to sign Discharge Petition No. 28, and thus help to obtain the 218 signatures necessary to get the Ludlow bill (House Joint Resolution No. 167) out of committee for a vote on the floor of the House.

Mrs. John C. Packard of Pasadena, California, tells us that the campaign of the Los Angeles police to stop all indigent transients at the California border continues unabated. On a recent trip to Arizona, Mrs. Packard and her husband encountered among some of the turned-back transients at the Arizona border two young men, both of whom had finished high school and one had studied for two years in college. They hadn't eaten for three days but still professed to be stanch Republicans and said the N.R.A. was an invasion of individual liberties. Mr. Packard, who is an attorney, has filed suit against the city of Los Angeles on behalf of a barred transient, charging that the constitutional rights of a citizen of the United States have been infringed by the action of the city authorities.

Eliena Krylenko, who is the wife of Max Eastman, writes from Palos Verdes, California, her disagreement with Otis Ferguson's review of the new Chaplin film "Modern Times" (The New Republic, February 19). She thinks that some of what Mr. Ferguson considered old-fashioned production methods were in reality an application of the stark realism of the newsreel technique to a film primarily concerned with contemporary social problems. She says Mr. Ferguson underestimated the grim and sober social content of the film and that it was also a very funny picture.

What's on the Air?

Colonel Frank Knox tells "Where I Stand." Saturday, April 4, 10 to 10:30 P. M., C.B.S.

Governor Alfred M. Landon interviewed by H. V. Kaltenborn on questions of domestic and foreign policy. Sunday, April 5, 1:45 to 2 P. M., C.B.S.

General Malin Craig, chief of staff, and others at Army Day dinner. Monday, April 6, 10 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Norman Thomas discussing the subject, "A Socialist Looks at the Constitution." Tuesday, April 7, 7:45 to 8 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Senator Rush D. Holt of West Virginia describes "Red Tape in the W.P.A." Tuesday, April 7, 9:30 to 9:45 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Governor Curley of Massachusetts and others in America's Town Meeting debate, "Does American Prosperity Depend on Foreign Trade?" Thursday, April 9, 9:30 to 10:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Harper Sibley, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, discusses "Business and Politics." Thursday, April 9, 10:45 to 11 P. M., C.B.S.

All [illegible] Standard

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Government and Guild

Murder in the Cathedral, by T. S. Eliot. Manhattan Theatre, March 20, 1936.

Idiot's Delight, by Robert E. Sherwood. Shubert Theatre. March 24, 1936.

IN Mr. Allen Tate's remarkable discussion of T. S. Eliot, to be found in his new book, "Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas," you will find a passage that makes a comment more serviceable than most on Mr. Eliot's play. Apropos of a scene in "The Waste Land," Mr. Tate speaks of the moral identity of humility and irony and the important difference between them esthetically. "Humility is subjective, a quality of the moral character: it is thus general, invisible, and can only be inferred, not seen. Irony is the visible, particular and objective instance of humility. Irony is the objective quality of an event or a situation which stimulates our capacity for humility."

To my mind it is this element of irony and humility, plus the element of tone, that gives to "Murder in the Cathedral" its chief claim to excellence. To what extent the hero of this play is the historical Becket does not concern us here, there are doubtless as many Beckets as there are historians thinking of him. The main point is that Mr. Eliot creates the Becket who has just returned, after the six or seven years on the Continent, where his relations with the Pope and the King of France, his excommunications and violence, have only served to exasperate further the English king. We see the Tempters speaking with Becket. Becket preaches a sermon on Christmas Day. Just as we rejoice and mourn at once, in the Birth and in the Passion of Our Lord; so also, in a smaller figure, we both rejoice and mourn in the death of martyrs. Ambition fortifies the will of man to become ruler over men . . . it is the action of impurity upon impurity. Not so in Heaven. A martyr is always made by the design of God.

"Murder in the Cathedral," now produced here by the Popular Price Theatre, a division of the Federal Theatre, has enjoyed a good run in London. Some of its London critics, indeed, have spoken of the play as simple. In so far as may be thought so there, we here can only wonder at a race that can at the same time nurture both such a drama and one of the works of, for example, Mr. Ivor Novello. Than this there is scarcely a more mystical aspect in Mr. Eliot's play itself. As theatre, "Murder in the Cathedral" seems to me an astonishing combination of the simple and the difficult, almost the impossible. Even with endless drilling, years of it, I doubt if the choruses when spoken all together by the women of Canterbury could ever come off. In Latin, yes, provided the sense is simple or repetitious and the training arduous; but I doubt if the English language in its very form permits of such treatment. Nevertheless, many of the chorus lines in the play, spoken by individuals, were effective, often moving. Mr. Halsted Welles's direction contrived to project the sense of lines far more difficult than our stage is accustomed to hear. He often, too, supported the tight or intricate substance of the poetry by excellent stage movement and position within the groups. Mr. A. Lehman Engel's music for the play was effective and so was Mr. Tom Adrian Craecraft's setting. This is one of the theatre because the play greatly dilates our drama's capacity. Compact verse, marvelous images and a high and single theme, contrive to lift, to hold and to magnify our response. The ear especially is drawn upon, the demands made on it are immense; and since the ear has long been a neglected faculty, or medium, in our theatre art, this requisition is a fine thing. In the combination of simple and difficult, of which I spoke, the difficult is, thus, easy to see. The simple derives from the tone of the whole. "Murder in the Cathedral," accepted in its entirety, letting the ear, the mood, the humility, the irony, the hush and the plane of it, proceed, unresisted, uninterrogated, takes on a curious visionary plainness, as if music and time, not mute, were somehow its foundation.

After the murder, the four knights who did it address the audience, giving their reasons, causes, excuses and so on, in the most modern terms. Men in all epochs are to be thought the same. The device is not original, and whether its more or less Gothic, or grotesque, effect gets very far will be a matter of taste. It seemed to me more effective with regard to what follows it in the play than it is to what precedes. The choral interludes, often very long, vary in their relation to the context as drama. Sometimes the comment is direct and cumulative, sometimes the connection would seem vague. Indeed as theatrical writing the chorus of "Murder in the Cathedral" would seem to me in places what used to be called decadent, which then would have meant—in this case—self-indulgent, willful, capriciously related to the dramatic moment, and loose. On the other hand, not remembering the theatre, these very same passages may, if you like, be taken as some oblique spill, notably subtle. Mr. Harry Irvine gives a portrayal of Becket that is in tone with the play. It lacks only a sense of earlier fires, of something that on the ashes of his youth doth lie, consumed with that which it was nourished by.

Mr. Sherwood's play, as performed by the Lunts, supplies a point in esthetic principle. The reason for its not being a significant play is easy to state. It exhibits many ideas on war, themes of the individual's worth and the overwhelming public thing destroying him, and it has brilliance in statement now and then. But the measure of it lies in its *tone* as a whole. The tone does not convey, or create, anything very significant on a large theme. But it is a delightful play, witty, inventive, full of theatre. It is cast with the same success that attends the other Theatre Guild plays this season, and its performance is smooth and engaging from start to finish. Some of the publicity may have led us to a spectacular impression as to Mr. Alfred Lunt and his song-and-dance effects; but what he does is something much deeper and finer than a mere tour de force. His whole performance is brilliant and exact and so is Miss Fontanne's. Their conception of acting is vibrant and delicious. They remind us that this acting art is not mere personal exhibition, however rare one may be; it is also impersonation. They pick up the season. The whole evening of "Idiot's Delight" is a treat, though at the very last the play falls off. With what scrupulous perfection these two players present themselves, and with what sweetness they allow the rest of the company to shine!

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Comrade Trotsky

LAST MONTH, after writing "Footnotes to a Life of Marx," I was reproved by an eloquent and anonymous reader. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that there is a man today in this world who resembles in his destiny 'the Moor' of your admiration? His name, of course, is Leon Trotsky. And what are you doing, Mr. Cowley, to prevent some future poet and critic from bemoaning the lot of a great spirit who died—maligned, hounded, slandered, hated by all the parties of the old world? . . . How could you remain so callous in the presence of the greatest and most sublime single tragedy in our cruel epoch?" I am quoting these few sentences from a perturbed and perturbing letter to explain why, five years after the date of publication, I set myself the task of reading and reporting on Trotsky's "My Life."[1]

To me it proved a disappointing book, one that partly spoiled a magnificent story. Trotsky has not the gift of writing about himself. That fact was already clear in "The History of the Russian Revolution," which loses much of its unusual breadth and conviction as soon as the author appears on the scene and begins to argue and expostulate about his own historical role. In "My Life" he is on the scene from the first chapter to the last, and yet he never makes himself quite clear as a character because (after the chapters dealing with his childhood) he does not look at himself objectively. The other characters in his story are less vivid than those that appear in the "History." He is able to describe people superbly in their relation to world forces—who could forget his portraits of Kerensky and Tsar Nicholas?—but he cannot describe them in their relation to himself; always in this book he lets us see them vaguely through the colored glass of his own personality.

And that personality seems less sympathetic than the reader had expected. "I am obliged," Trotsky explains with candor, "to speak of myself in a way I should never have done under other conditions"—that is, with more self-praise. "For me it is a question not merely of historical truth but also of a political struggle that is still going on." But even for the purpose of a political struggle, there is too much buttering of his ego, there are too many testimonials quoted not only from his bitter enemies (whose words are most effective here) but also from his allies and camp followers, and principally from N. I. Sedova, who is Mrs. Trotsky. He will not admit that he was ever wrong in any important question. But the least admirable quality he reveals is a vanity that is always striking poses and playing roles—now the role of conspirator, now that of hero quelling a mob, now that of General Phil Sheridan riding twenty miles to Winchester and rallying his defeated soldiers (while his orderly ran at his heels brandishing a revolver and shouting for all he was worth, "Courage, boys, Comrade Trotsky is leading you")—then the role of an invalid helpless while plots were being woven against him (and also woven by him, the narrative makes clear), then the role of Gulliver bound by the Lilliputians (these being the epigones, the followers of Stalin), then finally the role of a martyred leader fighting for his rights—carried downstairs kicking and squirming by a squad of secret agents while his son Lyova rang all the doorbells in the apartment house and shouted to the frightened people who appeared, "They're carrying Comrade Trotsky away!" In all these episodes there is a mixture of profound drama with actor's parade, and sometimes with actor's parade in circumstances that make it seem trivial and unpleasant.

In effect, this book is unjust to Trotsky and makes him seem smaller than life. In effect, it reduces his tragedy to the dimensions of a personal quarrel. This is partly the result of a story that he brings forward to explain his fall from power. It seems that when he was a second-year student in an Odessa high school, the boys "gave a concert" to an unpopular teacher. A dozen of them were caught and punished, but Trotsky, the bright student, was not suspected. A particularly stupid and disagreeable boy named Danilov was so jealous of his intellectual prestige and so angry at his going scot-free that he accused him of being responsible for the whole affair—and the bright student was expelled, even though several friends came to his defense. "Such," Trotsky says, "was the first political test I underwent." He believes that the pattern established in Odessa was repeated all through his life, and that Stalin, whom he calls "the outstanding mediocrity in the Party," played the same ignoble role as Danilov. Other Bolsheviks helped Stalin because they were becoming self-satisfied Philistines and were made uncomfortable by Trotsky's revolutionary virtue. . . . But most people accept a different explanation of his fall, and one that makes him seem more important. Trotsky originated and refused to abandon the idea of the permanent revolution—the theory that "a lasting, decisive success is inconceivable for us without a revolution in Europe" and in fact throughout the world. The revolution in Western Europe was checked in 1923, with the failure of the last German uprisings. In 1927, when the Chinese revolution was also suppressed, most Russians decided that their only hope was to develop socialism in their own country. Trotsky the internationalist was thus defeated by events in Shanghai and Berlin. But he was also defeated by flaws in his own character—by his vanity, by his losing touch with popular sentiment and by his persistent failure to recognize Stalin's ability. He was a general who underestimated the opposing forces.

Today it seems to me that the nature of his tragedy is generally misapprehended. To be "maligned, hounded, slandered, hated by all the parties of the old world" is not a fate that would torture him: he had learned to bear misfortunes like these in the course of his earlier exiles. To be driven from power is probably not a lasting sorrow, for he was not deeply attached to power in the state. It is history that has been his forum and stage, his purpose in living, one might almost literally say his God. It is "the judgment of history" that has been his undeviating standard of right and wrong. On the day after the October Revolution he thundered to the Mensheviks, "Go to the place where you belong from now on—the dustbin of history!" and he was exactly like a pope condemning lost souls to limbo. Today his tragic burden is that he has been defeated by historical forces. He has not only been expelled bodily from the country he helped to win, but also painted out of its pictures and deleted from its schoolbooks. "The dustbin of history"—that is the real prison into which he was thrust

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Philosophers After Dewey

American Philosophy Today and Tomorrow, edited by Horace M. Kallen and Sidney Hook. New York: Lee Furman, Inc. 525 pages. $3.75.

IT IS hard to imagine a greater boon for skeptics than a volume such as this, wherein twenty-five philosophers present in brief statements "their personal vision of today's philosophic problems and tomorrow's philosophic solution." Professional detractors of philosophy will find it easy to point out obscurities, differences and contradictions. As Hegel says, they "will see in philosophy everything but philosophy itself." They will overlook the process of creative thought, of intelligence wrestling with reality and with the dead part of its own self. And Hegel's remark is especially pertinent to a collection devoted to the "younger generation"; for their contribution consists largely in a declaration of intention, a promise, a philosophic program for the near future.

Most of these young philosophers build on the foundation created by instrumentalism. Few of them escape the influence of John Dewey's thought. The very divergence of the newer schools is a further proof of its potentialities.

The most "radical" conclusion from the instrumentalist criticism of dogmatic systems is drawn by the "technologists" (Clarence Ayres) and the behaviorists (Edwin Holt). For them, philosophy is only a survival of inferior modes of thought; but their radicalism in philosophy is more than counterbalanced by their "rugged individualism" in the social sphere. Ayres believes that all social conduct is based on self-interest.

More consistent and theoretically more interesting are those who, taking for granted the principle that each realm of being must generate its own concepts for its interpretation, work toward a unified method, a "naturalistic logic." The position of this group is luminously formulated in Ernest Nagel's essay. Sidney Hook and others who belong here also admit that the fundamental task is "the exhaustive analysis of all the primary categories with especial reference to temporal context and experience." But they stress the social problem, and differ from Dewey in their acceptance of Marx's social doctrines. For Sidney Hook, naturalism and Marxism have the same "metaphysical and logical positions," and Marx's dialectical method "involves a nascent experimental naturalism." In what measure the naturalistic logic can or must be transcended by being combined with the Marxist interpretation of history, and to what extent the result will be identical with "dialectical materialism," are questions still pending.

All the philosophers so far mentioned have in common their attachment to the methodological unity of instrumentalism. They form what might be called the philosophic "left." The "right" clings to the pluralistic implications of instrumentalism. In this camp we should place Horace M. Kallen, who draws a sharp distinction between epistemological and norm-setting activities. This group asserts that values are "irreducible," and considers that it is the chief task of philosophy to form a coherent theory of values. At the extreme right, Koffka, who proclaims the "ontological status of values," and Randall, whose "historical naturalism" implies the acceptance on the same level of scientific concepts and religious values, seem perilously near the ancient morass of theology.

The general spirit of this collection is, however, very remote from theologizing. In all the essays, even in those

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nant theme is the negation of monism. The triumph over the philosophies of the One is celebrated with much glee and infinite variations. The non-professional reader is almost led to believe that this attitude signifies an absolute break with classical philosophy; in fact it is precisely this attitude that joins the new generation to the old. Even before William James, Hegel declared himself against the "night of the absolute in which all cows are black." What the attack against monism here means is the assertion of the qualitative diversity of the universe (chiefly directed against mechanical materialism), and the negation of attempts at reducing it to one single reality, be it an intelligible Entity or merely atoms and electrons. The real difference is that the old schools considered one kind of reality as "superior" to another, while the new deny this value-judgment.

In still another sense American philosophy joins the tradition: "Practically all schools of philosophy in America have the same middle-class outlook upon social affairs." Not that there is a lack of emphasis on political problems. It is enough to compare this volume with a similar collection published five years ago, and devoted to the "elder statesmen of American philosophy," to be convinced that the rumors of the depression era have reached even the most academic ears. But the interest in politics is still of a grumbling, reluctant nature; in most cases the philosophers are concerned with it in spite of themselves. Some persons will undoubtedly deplore this attitude as a "bourgeois" inheritance. May we not ask that philosophers should realize a more militant unity of knowledge and action? But if we contrast the general tone of present-day American and European thought, we are impressed by the absence on this side of the Atlantic of the most "modern" regression to mysticism, the philosophies of "anguish" and "nothingness." In the present historical context it must be considered as not the least of Dewey's merits to have barred the way leading to those decadent doctrines that involve the pessimistic negation of all thinking.

NORBERT GUTERMAN.

The Book of Jane Addams

Jane Addams: A Biography, by James Weber Linn. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 468 pages. $3.50.

IT IS fortunate that the authorized biography of Jane Addams is as intimate and intensely personal as Dr. Linn has made it—without sacrificing the more objective values of her life and work. For her close associates to have the book at hand must be like a daily glimpse of her. For the vast number of us not privileged to have known her, but influenced and sustained by her unfailing courage and wisdom, reading the book brings the feeling of having almost shared her personal friendship.

During a period of excessive specialization, we gratefully receive this record of a life that proceeded from the general to the concrete; from a high conception of human justice and beauty in all relationships to the definite day-to-day tasks of trying to realize that conception in the affairs of her neighborhood, the ward, the city, the state, the nation and the world. Jane Addams moved easily and naturally from one field of human activity to another; none was too small and none was too large for the application of understanding tolerance and democratic effort. She did not "grow" from community interests to national and international interests. Her life was lived as vitally and with

the disease and exploitation of Chicago's tenements and sweatshops, to clean up the streets and remove the menace of decaying garbage and filth, to obtain through public action better living and working conditions for her fellow townsmen, as it was in her worldwide leadership and her work for peace among the nations. Translating a dream of justice into a living reality for human beings was as important and lasting an achievement in one field as in another.

The dream and the way we daily meet the test of making it come true, through whatever medium of action, for whatever human need, are the two things that count. It was by this double test, by daily and hourly living the dream of human understanding and coöperation, that Jane Addams became the example of all the finest hopes that men and women may hope to realize. And it is because Professor Linn has let her live through the pages of this book—her book—giving us herself her clear and eternal values, that the biography will be of lasting importance.

JOSEPHINE ROCHE.

Heart of Steel

Steel: Dictator, by Harvey O'Connor. New York: The John Day Company. 395 pages. $3.

THE STEEL industry, as Mr. O'Connor makes clear in "Steel: Dictator," is the heart of American capitalism. Upon its products depend agriculture, manufacturing and transportation. Through interlocking directorates, it has laid its hand upon the economic structure of the nation. Consequently, steel reflects the booms and crises of capitalism more than perhaps any other industry does; and in it, somehow, the profit motive and the resultant economic strains stand out in relief. Mr. O'Connor's narrative of the steel industry in its development from the competitive stage to finance monopoly is, therefore, on a reduced scale the story of American capitalism.

In 1901 J. P. Morgan and his partners in finance acquired a monopoly over steel through the formation of the U. S. Steel Corporation. In order to achieve the consolidation, approximately $1,400,000,000 in securities was issued in exchange for $890,000,000 in securities, which, in turn, represented the capitalization of plants valued actually at $360,000,000. From this maneuver sprang all future policies of the Corporation. The entire industry was enmeshed in a web of ticker tape whose center was 71 Broadway. Profits great enough to pay dividends on this watered and bloated capitalization could be earned only if prices were kept high and wages low. Nothing could be permitted to challenge the price and wage levels.

Protected by the tariff against foreign competition, the steel industry controlled the price level by means of gentlemen's agreements, phantom freight charges (in the Pittsburgh Plus device) and restriction of output. At the same time absolute domination was maintained over labor, which was sweated in the twelve-hour, seven-day week, stalled in company shacks, paid a less-than-subsistence wage and, above all, kept non-unionized and disorganized. Whenever a center of discontent appeared, the industry threw its workers a sop—stock-subscription plans, swimming pools and libraries (which men on a twelve-hour shift could hardly use), toilets, pensions (which might be withdrawn arbitrarily). If labor still remained dissatisfied and attempted to win some relief, then it was mercilessly suppressed, as in the steel strike of 1919, by company guards,

The crash of 1929 was particularly grievous to the steel industry and threatened to draw off some of the water in its financial blister. For the first time in its history U. S. Steel was unable to pay dividends, and the sister companies fared no better. Rescue came in the guise of the N.I.R.A., which furnished legal support to the Iron and Steel Institute for the maintenance of high price levels. The only drawback was Section 7a, guaranteeing to workers the right of collective bargaining. But this guarantee, under the refusal of the Iron and Steel Institute to yield an inch, proved to be mere words; and the workers received not collective bargaining, but speeches, investigations, conciliation and employee-representation plans—in short, the "national run-around." Here, of course, lie the germs of fascism: a fixed price level, "mutual interest and good will" in labor relations and a determination to stamp out the discontent of workers in blood. No wonder Elbert H. Gary said in 1923: "We should be the better for a man like Mussolini here too."

One wishes so valuable a book as Mr. O'Connor's to be as effective as possible. Hence the question arises whether the addition of exclamation points and such expressions as ". . . no work, no money—what the hell!" and "Such a business!" does not, by overstatement, weaken the exposition. The facts are expressive enough. Mr. O'Connor makes no claim to "impartiality." He wishes to arouse social indignation; otherwise the collocation of social data is barren scholarship. It is not difficult to be "detached" and "impartial" and thoroughly "unimpassioned" in describing experiments upon aphids. But what if one is oneself the aphid?

SAMUEL YELLEN.

Thy Faithful Servant

Faith, Hope, No Charity, by Margaret Lane. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

MISS LANE makes the story of two women who work—one poor, and the other not so poor—impressive and dramatic. Ada, whose parents never knew what security meant, wouldn't have dreamed of being considered an artist; but out of the humblest and meanest of materials offered by circumstances she managed to create a life that was decent, useful, sometimes pretty and gay. During the honeymoon week by the seashore with Arthur—cold, damp and most lower-middle-class—there was a period that even approached an idyll. The death of Arthur, his tubercular chest overstrained by the Christmas dock work so eagerly sought, fills the story with subdued poignancy. It never occurred to Ada that she could have anything for which she did not pay with self-restraint and labor. Charlotte, from a home originally little better, was a dancer and, in Ada's eyes, very much a toff. Being a maid in Charlotte's bohemian establishment made Ada very happy. But Charlotte wanted that extra something which she didn't quite earn and which no one was willing to give her. After several unsatisfactory affairs of the heart, she returned to find comfort in the loving service and admiration of Ada, a widow of a week. Miss Lane is a reporter, and it is her job to find drama in the lives of people—murder, scandal, quaintness. But there are no murders, there is no scandal, there is not a "character" in this book—only the sheerest of commonplaces, the usual circle of birth, love and death in the lives of humble people, recounted with such sincerity of detail that the commonplace becomes important.

R. E. BETTINGER

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America's Capacity to Progress

The Formation of Capital, by Harold G. Moulton. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 218 pages. $2.50.
Income and Economic Progress, by Harold G. Moulton. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 202 pages. $2.
The Trouble with Capitalism Is the Capitalists, by Harold G. Moulton. (A pamphlet reprinted from Fortune, November, 1935.) Pittsburgh: The Maurice and Laura Falk Foundation. 46 pages. Free on application to publishers.

THE TWO books listed above are the concluding parts of a four-volume analysis of "The Distribution of Wealth and Income in Relation to Economic Progress," a study that has been carried on by the Brookings Institution during the last three years. The pamphlet summarizes the findings of the entire study and is made available to those who are interested by the Falk Foundation, financial sponsors of the Brookings series. The two books under review here continue the analysis begun in the two earlier Brookings volumes, "America's Capacity to Produce" and "America's Capacity to Consume." The first of these volumes was given the more definitive title "America's Capacity to Produce during the Period from 1900 to 1930 with the Capital Goods and Labor Force Which She then Possessed and with Technology and the General Pattern of Operative and Commercial Organization then Prevailing." The amplified descriptive title is presented here because it is necessary to understand the limited conception of "capacity to produce" which characterized this earlier volume in order to understand the limitations of those following it.

The study revealed that there was a large amount of idle productive capacity throughout the period under review, and that this idle capacity amounted to about 20 percent of total capacity even at the peak of industrial activity in 1929. "America's Capacity to Consume" was a complete statistical analysis of the division of the national income among functional groups and income classes, and of the consumptive expenditures and amounts of savings of the various income groups. One conclusion from this analysis was that "the consumptive requirements or wants of the people were far from satisfied during the period of our highest economic achievement"; another was that to give all families a "reasonable standard of living" would have "necessitated an increase in production over 1929 levels of approximately 75 percent"; a third was that "the *market demand* for consumption goods was less than our capacity to supply such demand."

It is from this demonstration of economic frustration that the two last volumes of the series proceed. The study of "The Formation of Capital" deals with the way in which savings for capital purposes are created out of the flow of money income and the use of bank credit, and with the requirement for maintaining and increasing these savings without interfering with the volume of purchasing power flowing into consumption channels. Dr. Moulton assumes that the amount of capital formation becomes greater or less in response to an increase or a decrease in the demand for consumers' goods. A corollary to this assumption would be that methods of reducing production costs have the same effect as increases in demand. Dr. Moulton argues that the amount saved from current income for capital purposes is subtracted from the purchasing power that is expended for consumers' goods. The rela-

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of the proportion between productive capacity devoted to producers' goods and that devoted to consumers' goods. The effects of such assumptions and arguments are escaped, however, in the present instance. When he seeks to explain how it is possible for *both* the volume of new capital and the demand for consumers' goods to increase at the same time, the author finds the irregularities, upward and downward, to be due to the expansion and contraction of bank credit. In this volume Dr. Moulton exposes very clearly the fallacy in the classical conception of equilibrium. He also shows that much of the "savings" of the 1920's did not result in new capital equipment.

"Income and Economic Progress" deals primarily with ways and means of regulating the distribution of income so as to obtain a maximum use and growth of productive capacity and an optimum elevation of living standards. Certain conventional policies to this end—increased taxation and public enterprise, higher money wages—are examined and dismissed as ineffectual. Dr. Moulton's conclusion is that "the broad highway along which continued economic progress must be sought is the avenue of price reductions. When this road is followed, the benefits of technical improvements are conferred automatically upon all divisions of the population." But he then proceeds to demonstrate that commodity prices tend to be inflexible and that their rigidities are maintained by the monopolistic practices of the control groups dominating industry. This condition is denounced as "a serious abuse of the profits system and the institutions of private capital," but no escape is indicated. Thus we are left with the unpleasant feeling that, even if we know what to do, we cannot do it.

The Brookings study, as a whole, is a superlative example of how good an economic analysis can almost be. The data used here have been carefully compiled; the estimates and computations reflect the use of precise measurements and techniques; the interpreting and relating of the given facts permit of no more critical contradictions and quibbles than inevitably attend an economic analysis of such complexity. And yet the Brookings volumes do not provide answers to the basic questions implicit in the subject they deal with.

Our curiosity about productive capacity and its effective use is not exhausted with an inventory of used and unused productive equipment. Nor are some of us willing to concede that the existing technology and "general pattern of operative and commercial organization" set an upper limit to productive capacity. Along with knowing how much of existing capacity was used, we should like to know how efficiently it was used. (In 1920 the Federated American Engineering Societies, in their careful report on "Waste in Industry," found the average efficiency in six major industries to be 50 percent.)

The statistical conception of productive capacity that is elaborated in the first volume of the Brookings study sets definite limits to the whole analysis of income and economic progress. From that conception it necessarily follows that the use of more or less productive capacity gives rise to larger or smaller incomes and that the expenditure of these incomes causes more or less use of productive capacity. But the aspect of productive capacity that is ultimately of greatest importance is the capacity to produce further capacity. This phase of capacity does not seem to be adequately measured by the process of capital formation. It appears that capital formation is at the center of a set of institutions that impede—and at times prevent—the crea- [illegible] capacity. Although it is apparent that

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power, either through larger money incomes to the masses of people or through a reduction of the prices of goods, would bring about increased industrial activity, the institutions associated with capital formation always would serve as actual or potential checks to the creation of productive capacity.

These observations of mine are not, of course, consistent with the assumptions on which the findings of the Brookings study are based. But it is with the assumptions rather than with the findings that I have sought to take issue. Within the limits it has set for itself, the Brookings study is, I think, the best of its kind. And an author has the right to state his own problem. It is equally the right of a critic to argue that it is the wrong problem.

HORACE TAYLOR.

Books in Brief

Far Enough, by Eugénie de Kalb. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THE TREK of the Boers from the Cape to the Transvaal is an epic story. Primitive and patriarchal, asking only to be let alone to farm their land and exploit natives, they withdrew steadily but vainly before the more powerful and modern forces of British imperialism. Ahead of them was the resistance of the Kaffirs and Zulus whom they encountered in bloody raids and battles. It is the grim story of a people overwhelmed, much as the natives were, by forces that they did not understand. Miss de Kalb, during two years spent in South Africa, painstakingly familiarized herself with its landmarks and records. She tells the story as she heard it from the descendants of the trekkers and from their point of view. She communicates its grimness and its heroism, but no more than the trekkers does she seem to understand the economic issues involved in the clash of imperialisms, cultures and desperate native resistance. The result is a chronicle faithful to the facts and to atmosphere as far as it goes, but less complete and illuminating than it might have been if the author had had a more modern historic background. M. G.

Holy Ireland, by Norah Hoult. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

This is a realistic novel of religious conflict in Dublin suburban life at the turn of the century. Patrick O'Neill, gruff cattle-dealer, puts the fear of God into his timid family; among the children only Margaret has the courage to question his tyrannical demands. Her independence is strengthened by the devotion of Clem Woods, a callow Englishman who loves and wants to marry her. But she is a Catholic, he is a Protestant; the gulf is wide and cannot be spanned without violent emotional shock to all concerned. The tale of this conflict and how it is resolved is skillfully and dispassionately unfolded. Norah Hoult has her ear close to the groundwork of common Dublin idiom, yet has deftly kept in mind her larger pattern. Patrick O'Neill is the most credible of the characters; we have seen his brand of militant religious fanaticism in many sects and many countries. His daughter Margaret, in my opinion, is hardly equal to the burden of decision and action she is made to bear. After personal observation of Dublin families like the one described in this book, I feel that it would have taken a stronger will, a tougher fiber, to have broken away from such an environment, in such

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Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD is the London correspondent for The New Republic. His latest book is "Voltaire," which was published in this country last fall.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS'S "Dramatis Personæ," from which this series of articles is taken, will be published by Macmillan on May 12.

GEORGE TERBORGH, now on the staff of the Brookings Institution, was formerly with the Research Division of the Federal Reserve Board.

ROBERT M. COATES, author of "The Eater of Darkness," "The Outlaw Years" and "Yesterday's Burdens," is now living in Connecticut and writing short stories.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD, professor of English Philology at the University of Wisconsin, is the author of "Two Lives," and other books. The sonnets in this issue of The New Republic are from "Third Wife," a long poem at present withheld from publication.

NORBERT GUTERMAN, born in Warsaw, educated at the Sorbonne and now a resident of New York City, is the author (with H. Lefebre) of "La Conscience Mystifiée."

JOSEPHINE ROCHE, after a long and distinguished career in social and public-service work and as a coal-mine owner and operator in Colorado, was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury by President Roosevelt in 1934. She was subsequently named chairman of the executive committee of the National Youth Administration, and, in January of the present year, administrator of the Federal Alcohol Administration.

SAMUEL YELLEN is a member of the English faculty at Indiana University. His book, "American Labor Struggles," was reviewed by Robert Cantwell in The New Republic for March 25.

HORACE TAYLOR is associate professor of Economics at Columbia University. His college textbook, "Contemporary Problems in the United States," was published in two volumes by Harcourt, Brace.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Martha Gruening and Kimball Flaccus.

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